

Collier's for January 11, in Two Sections. Section ONE

Collier's

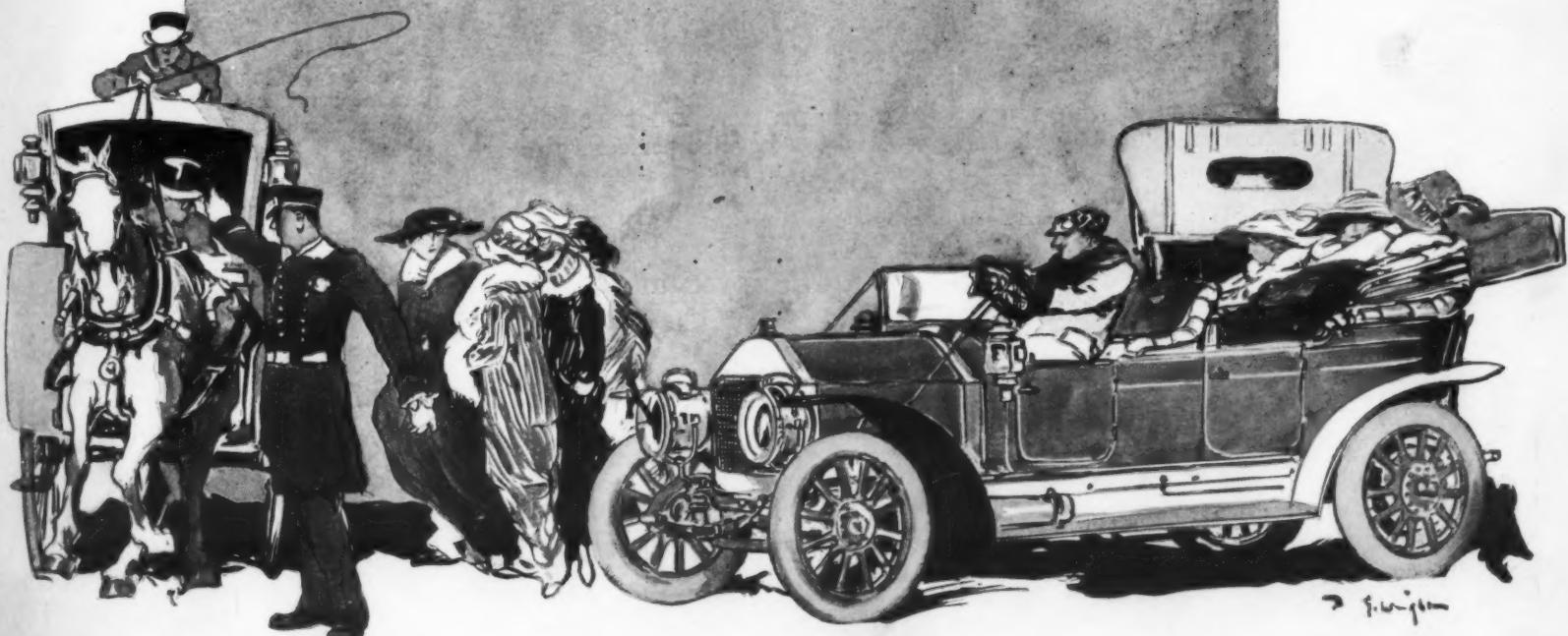
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Another Ruby Story
by Justus Miles Forman

Carl Snyder's Second
Article about Monopoly
in New England

P·C·Macfarlane on
"The Little Gray Man"

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Vitalized Rubber calls a halt on "Short Mileage!"



At last science gives you
more rubber shod mileage.

Diamond (No Clinch) Tires

now made of VITALIZED RUBBER—a scientific combination of pure rubber and a toughening compound.



You can get Vitalized Rubber in Diamond Tires—NOW

A tire containing too much rubber fails to give the necessary mileage because it is not tough enough to withstand road usage. And the tire containing too little pure rubber has not the necessary staying qualities.

Our chemists have discovered the secret of how to mix pure rubber and a toughening compound in just the right proportions. The result is additional mileage for you. The pure rubber we use comes direct from the trees of the tropics—it is fresh and contains all the vitality of youth—it is elastic and easy riding. Then we mix this pure rubber with the secret toughening compound, which gives it the necessary vitalizing, wearing, *more mileage* quality.

This scientific combination has been vainly sought after for years by tire makers. After 15 years of successful tire making we have solved the problem—and you enjoy the benefit of our really wonderful discovery—in "Diamond" Vitalized Rubber Tires.

Add to this the Diamond proven principles of proper construction—nothing inferior in rubber, fabric or workmanship—and you have as perfect a tire as money can buy.

Here is a combination of easy riding and more mileage advantages you can't get in any other tire today—*Vitalized Rubber, Perfect 3-Point-Rim-Contact, No-Pinch Safety Flap*, and, if you wish, the now famous Safety (Squeegee) Tread—made to fit all types of rims.

So this time specify "Diamonds"—you can get them at any one of the

25,000 Diamond Dealers always at your Service

NOTE—If you are not entirely satisfied with the mileage you are getting now—if you wish to reduce your tire upkeep—send today for our new book, "How to Get more Mileage Out of Your Tires." It is free to every tire user. No matter what tire you ride on, you simply cannot afford to be without this valuable book, so send the coupon today.

A perfect 3-Point Rim Contact tire at last

Fifty per cent of all tires are ruined through lack of perfect rim contact.

Perfect 3-Point-Rim-Contact is just as big an advantage in tire construction as 3-point suspension in the automobile.

Diamond 3-Point Rim Contact Tires hold with a vise-like grip absolutely preventing the tire from breaking above the rim, insuring no rim skid—no rim cutting—no rim trouble at all.

Our engineers have mastered the principles of Rim Contact construction, and you can get the Diamond (No-Clinch) Tire, with a perfect 3-Point Rim Contact—an important advantage that has been overlooked by all other tire makers.

No-Pinch Safety Flap absolutely protects the inner tube

The No-Pinch Safety Flap that comes in every Diamond (No-Clinch) Tire will cut your inner tube bills in half—because it forms a substantial wall separation between the inner tube and the rim, making it impossible for the inner tube to be pinched or cut under the rim, or injured by rim rust.

This No-Pinch Safety Flap is made of the best grade of fabric, and is finished with a "Feather Edge" as a further protection against inner tube cutting.

There is no rubber in this flap to adhere or vulcanize, so that the inner tube can be quickly and easily removed at all times—another big Diamond advantage.

Mail This Coupon TODAY

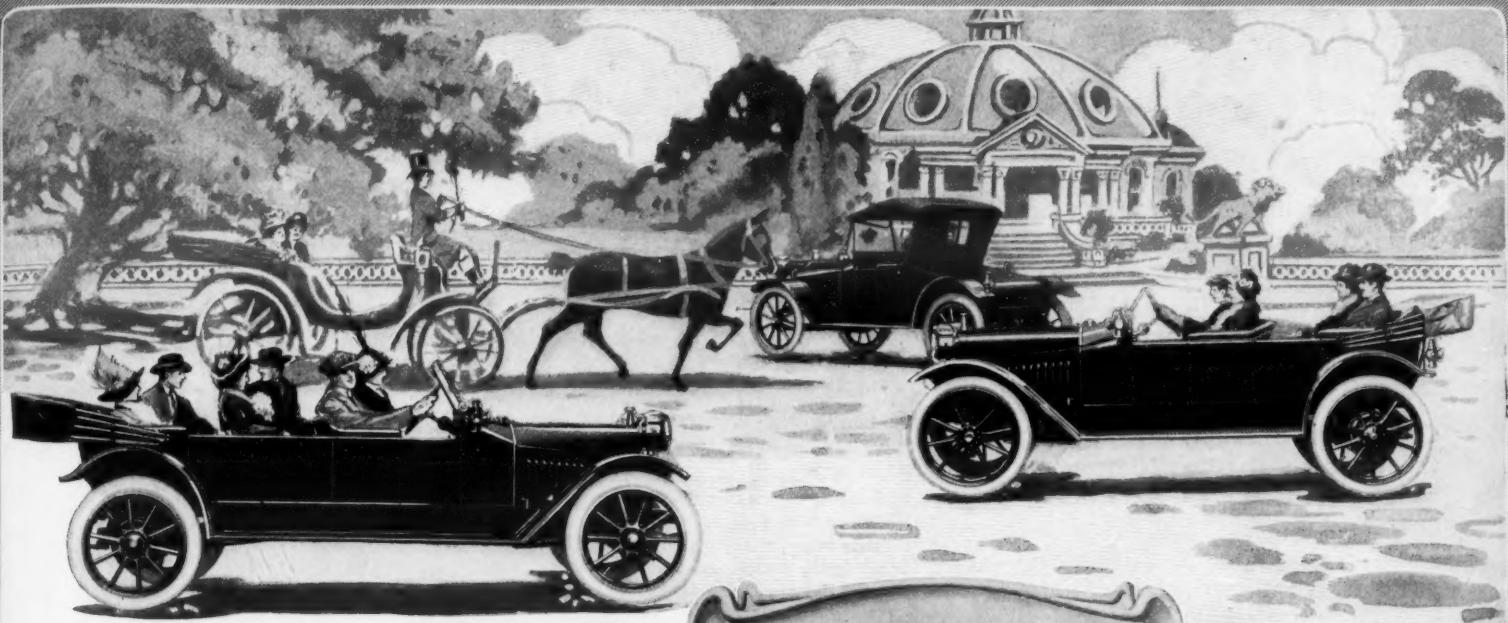
"More Mileage Book"—Free

THE DIAMOND RUBBER COMPANY, Akron, Ohio. 103

If there is a way for me to get more mileage out of my tires, I would like to know it. Without obligation on my part, send me free and postpaid, by return mail, your new book, "How to Get More Mileage Out of Your Tires."

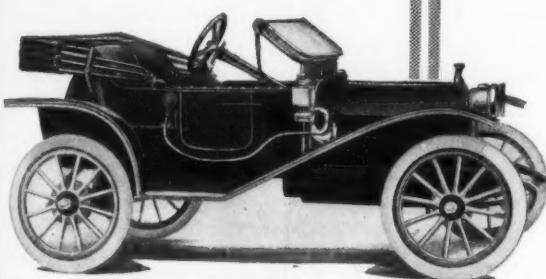
Name _____

Address _____



Six Passenger "32"

\$1175 F. O. B. Detroit, has equipment of two folding and revolving occasional seats in tonneau, foot rest, windshield, mohair top with envelope, Jiffy curtains, quick detachable rims, rear shock absorber, gas headlights, Prest-o-lite tank, oil lamps, tools and horn. Specially designed Zenith carburetor. Four cylinders 3½-inch bore and 5½-inch stroke; 126-inch wheel-base; 33 x 4-inch tires. Standard color, black. Trimmings, black and nickel.



"20" Runabout, Fully Equipped

\$750 F. O. B. Detroit. Four cylinders, 20 H. P., sliding gears, Bosch magneto, top, windshield, gas lamps and generator, oil lamps, tools and horn.

"32" Touring Car or Roadster, shown at right of six-passenger "32", fully equipped, \$975 F. O. B. Detroit.

Hupmobile

The "32" Coupe

A distinguished addition
to a distinguished line

First View, New York Motor Show, Jan. 11-18

In exterior appearance, the Hupmobile Coupe is as unobtrusively unique and as well-balanced as the other models of the "32" type.

In interior finish and appointment, it is rich and luxurious—imported Bedford Cord upholstery, with side walls to match and ceiling done in heavy satin; with right-hand control and room for three adults in comfort.

The coupe rounds out the line of Hupmobile pleasure cars, which now includes two touring models and a roadster, all built on the same sturdy "32" chassis, and the well-known "20" Runabout.

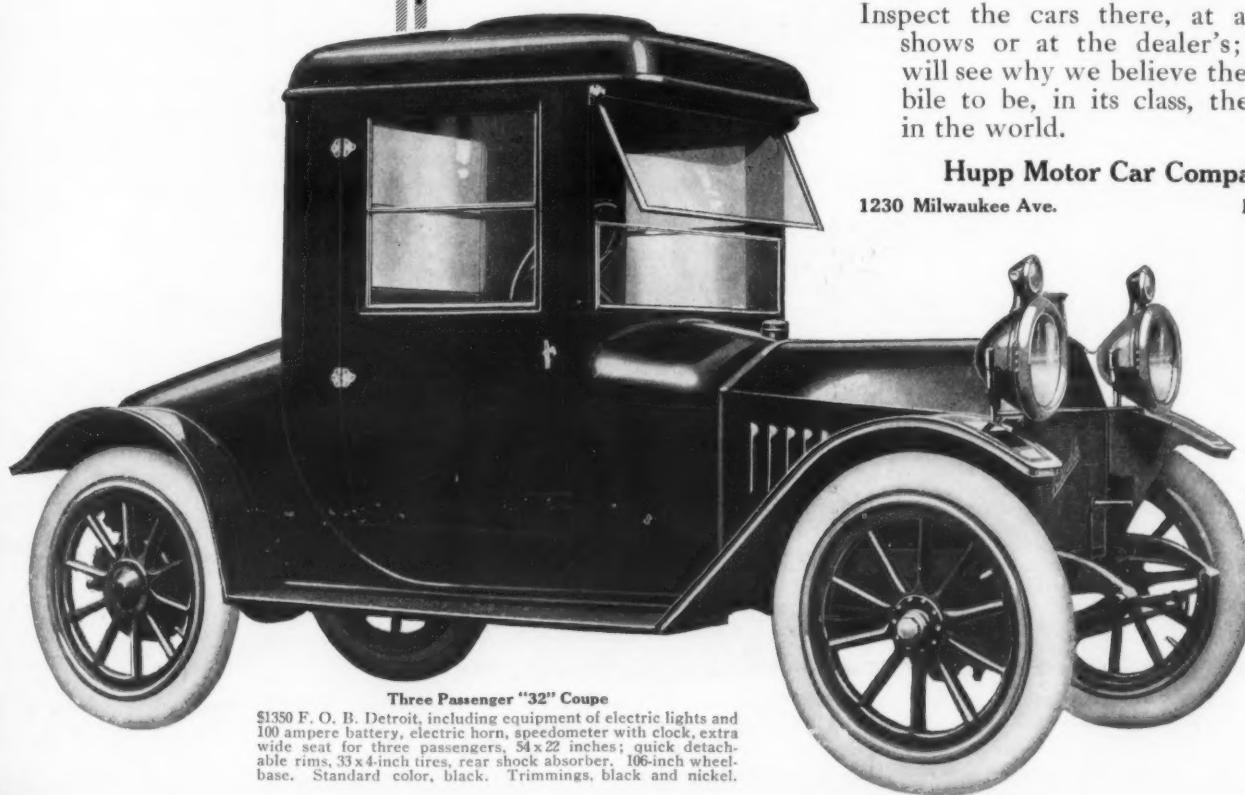
The entire line will be displayed at the New York and Chicago shows.

Inspect the cars there, at any other shows or at the dealer's; and you will see why we believe the Hupmobile to be, in its class, the best car in the world.

Hupp Motor Car Company

1230 Milwaukee Ave.

Detroit, Mich.



Three Passenger "32" Coupe

\$1350 F. O. B. Detroit, including equipment of electric lights and 100 ampere battery, electric horn, speedometer with clock, extra wide seat for three passengers, 34 x 22 inches; quick detachable rims, 33 x 4-inch tires, rear shock absorber. 106-inch wheel-base. Standard color, black. Trimmings, black and nickel.

Choose Your Car Now

NOW is the time to decide what car you are going to buy. The automobile shows bring all of the cars before you. You have a chance to study them—to compare them point by point.

We do not expect you to buy a Chalmers car simply on our word that it is the best value at the money, although many people do accept our word in the matter and we know it is good. But you will want to see all of the cars and to compare them as to quality and as to price. This is natural and right.

Let Us Prove Chalmers Quality

We believe, however, that Chalmers cars possess qualities that make them the best value in their price class. We believe Chalmers cars are the best cars for you to buy, and all we ask is an opportunity to prove to you that the things we say about Chalmers cars are true.

In such points as comfort, beauty, convenience, we know that Chalmers cars will compare favorably with even the highest priced. They have all the "features" that modern motorists demand—self-starter, electric lights, long stroke motor, demountable rims, four-forward speed transmission, speedometer, power tire inflator, etc.

How to Judge Motor Cars

But there are certain other *qualities* which you should demand. You should look for them in all the cars you consider. We ask you to make these qualities your standard in buying any car, whether or not it be a Chalmers.

As you study the cars at the National shows or in the dealers' salesrooms, compare them not only as to comfort,



beauty, convenience and mechanical excellence, but also as to the following points:

1. Stability of company marketing car.
2. How long have they been in business?
3. Do they manufacture or merely assemble?
4. What do the owners say about the car?
5. Has the car itself merely "features" or is real quality built into it?
6. Will it command a good price in case you care to sell it two or three seasons hence?

Consider the prices of cars *only in relation to their quality*. You can pay too little to make a wise investment. You can also pay too much.

Why Chalmers is Best Value

Here are some specific facts showing why it is to your interest to pay the Chalmers price rather than lower prices. These same facts show why it is not necessary to pay more than the Chalmers price to get the maximum in motor car service and comfort.

Chalmers transmission gears are ground to an accuracy of $\frac{1}{2}$ of 1/1000 part of an inch. This grinding alone makes Chalmers transmissions cost \$8 more than they would if we did not grind the gears. But grinding means quietness, smoothness, long wear.

The Chalmers crank shaft costs \$6 more than a crank shaft which "would do." But one fact that we are proud of is that we have never had a case of broken crank shaft. And so we spend that extra \$6. The Chalmers crank shaft is of the same quality as the crank shaft used in the \$4000 and \$5000 cars.

We spend \$15 more on each Chalmers body than we would have to spend if we used a cheaper material and the old-fashioned straight-sided instead of the full flush-sided bell-backed design.

Chalmers radiators cost \$5 more per radiator than we actually need to pay to get a radiator that will keep the motor cool. We spend this extra \$5 to secure the best radiator on the market.

We spend \$1.50 more on our steering wheel to furnish an enameled aluminum spider and a mahogany rim in place of the usual maple rim with a cast or stamped iron spider.

None Better Than Chalmers

Chalmers steering connections are all drop forgings and are all heat treated. Highest priced cars do not contain better materials.

The mohair which is used in Chalmers tops is the highest grade material on the market. We could "save" \$10 per car in top material alone, and it would require a chemical analysis now to tell the difference. But anybody could tell the difference in a year from now.

We could buy leather for upholstering our cars \$12 per car cheaper than we actually pay. This cheaper leather is used in many cars. You really can't tell the difference until the cars have run a while, and then you can very easily tell it. We spend this difference to secure a high grade, genuine leather.

The Turkish springs in Chalmers cushions cost \$3.50 per car more than the ordinary spiral springs used in most medium priced cars.

Compare Chalmers with Others

Consider even so small a thing as piston rings. One Chalmers sectional piston ring costs as much to make as an entire set of the ordinary piston rings, even such as are used in some of the highest priced cars.

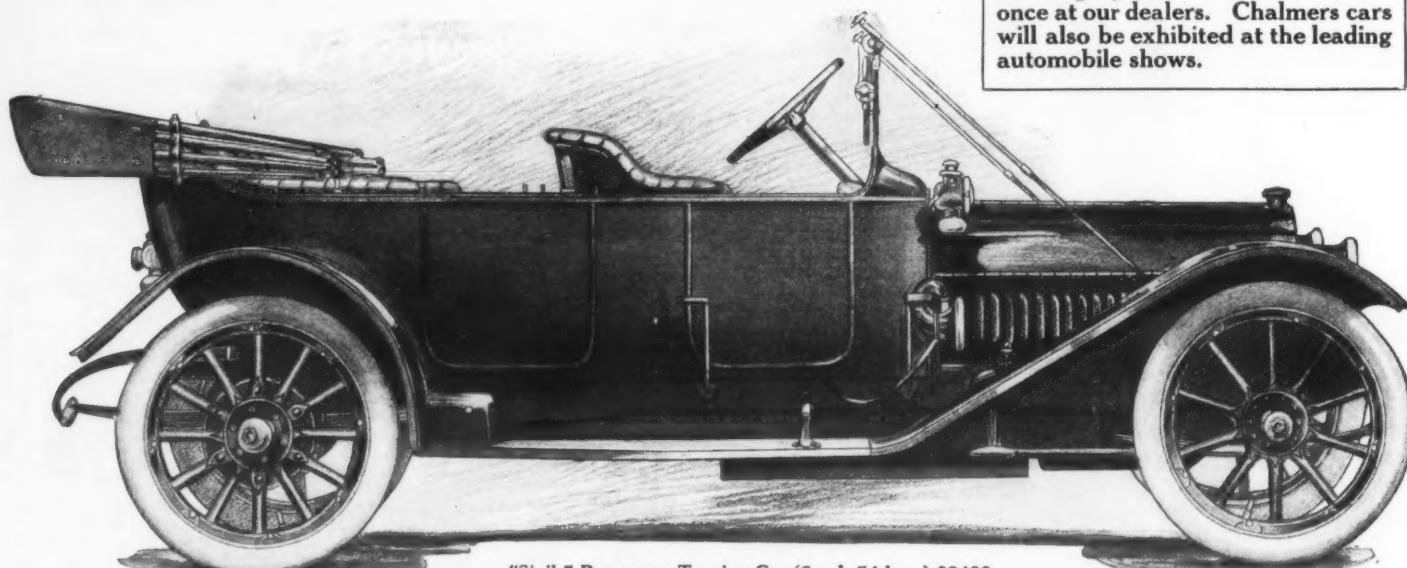
We mention these few items just to show you that we are making no exorbitant claims when we say that Chalmers cars are genuine quality cars at medium prices. We ask you to remember these things in making comparisons.

See the other cars, but do not buy until you have seen the Chalmers. Compare other cars in the Chalmers price class on the points we have named. We are willing to accept your decision after you have made such a comparison.

Our book, "Story of the Chalmers Car," sent free on request, will help you in making your choice.

Chalmers Motor Company, Detroit

We urge you to see these cars at once at our dealers. Chalmers cars will also be exhibited at the leading automobile shows.



"Six" 5-Passenger Touring Car (6 cyl. 54 h. p.) \$2400

"Six" (6 cyl. 54 h. p.) 7 Passenger \$2600

"30" (4 cyl. 30 h. p.) 4 or 5 Passenger \$1600

"Thirty-Six" (4 cyl. 36 h. p.) 2, 4 or 5 Passenger \$1950

(Prices include full equipment and are f. o. b. Detroit.)

Colliers

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



MARK SULLIVAN, ASSOCIATE EDITOR

ROBERT J. COLLIER
EDITOR



STUART BENSON, ART EDITOR



Snowing Him Under

THIS YOUTH is being showered upon by wealth unbounded. He is neither strong nor weak, but just unripe, dazed, almost overwhelmed by the limitless possibilities of the gold that is his. He is one more of the Sons of Fortune. What most men wear out their lives in seeking is poured upon him in a single week of unearned dividends. His feet are already encamped upon the goal. He can glide from point to point of life in a heated, upholstered tonneau. His whole career from the cradle to the grave can be run on rubber tires. Here at the threshold of his days, with golden plenty always within call, life stretches ahead in painless sunlit vistas. At his approach, every door smiles a wel-

come. His friends are as many as the favors he lavishes. His existence seems enchanted. What will he do with this rich chance? Will he play the part of the weakling and the fool, till scandals break round his soft body? Will he sink into luxury, ennui, selfishness, till his little idle life is clogged and futile? Will his sleep be broken by faint wailing from the lives he has touched to harm? Will womanhood be more bitter for his career? Or will his latter days be bright with memories of help rendered to the toil-worn and weary, and strength put forth in stern endeavor? Will children find a fairer world because he passed through it? Will he win his way through the tangling, and become one more of the Men of Power who hasten justice and spread mercy?



CHORES

A BOY HELPED to plant fifty apple trees. "Beginning next month the borers must be hunted," said the father. "How often? How long?" asked the boy. "Once a month during the open seasons—for years. I'm going to leave it to you." Kneeling or half lying for hours in the rotting mulch, the boy dug and cut and wired out the small enemies—for years. He found that once a week was necessary in some periods. Boys went by to baseball and swimming. They called cheerily across the creek lot, but neither side spoke of his quitting to go. It was one of his chores. The new orchard was out of sight of the house. But letting a row go till next month, on bad days when ice storms were slanting in, did not occur to him. Many times he left a tree and a big root-channeling borer, his staying power all drained out through the sore fingers, but came back the next day and the next. It was his chore. When the orchard was well into bearing and pride, a windstorm destroyed two-thirds of it. The boy who dug the grubs has since bent patiently at the roots of some other things and seen them tend upward. Recently he bought those fifteen bounteous apple trees back into the family, and has started his boy on more trees and borers behind a windbreak.

Chore laws are ancient, simple, and inexorable: Do the thing half feared or dreaded, at the time appointed, without being told again, as well as if the master stood alongside. Bring in the wood the same when the pile is icebound and go back after the dropped stick. Get the young cattle through the barway, though they break and go around you twelve times and again, and dark comes, and you are crying. Warm your fingers afterward. Don't tell.

The majority of American children have been rather abruptly bereft of chores! In the morning hours when the soul of childhood lies almost bare in the clear, expectant eyes, from school-out till supper, from supper to bedtime—*something more than play is needed*. Children feel this and wait, and prowl about for material of a stouter weave, something fibered with the full life roundabout and impending; and, adventuring unguided, they get knowledge and scars.

Organized play will not fill this gap in education. Manual training has limitations. But in every home lie neglected means of giving to its youth a strengthening and character-making apportionment of the day's work.

Partly because of chores the rural youth, despite increasing proportionate disadvantages, will go on regularly to the hard, high places. Land about a home means chores.

TENDENCIES

WE HAVE COME A LONG WAY without realizing it. There is not much left of the doctrine that a man can do what he will with his own. A New York man owns a farm in Virginia; a New York woman thinks this farm ought to be owned by the nation as a public shrine; the owner has no idea of selling it. To be sure, the farm is called Monticello and was the home of THOMAS JEFFERSON; yet the present owner's title is the same as that of any other farm in Virginia, and it came to him as an inheritance. There is no statute anywhere by which a man's farm can be taken away from him under these circumstances; but what any observer can see is that Congressman LEVY, the owner of Monticello, looks worried in the midst of this agitation. Not long ago one of those public men who is ranked as decidedly among the more conservative of the Progressives suggested, as a remedy for certain economic conditions in Hawaii, that the sugar mills in those islands be made public-service institutions, subject to the same regulations with regard to rates and contracts that are applicable to railroads and the like. It is only about fourteen years since the idea that the State could regulate even railroads became familiar to the public. Before that time railroad rates were looked upon as private contracts with which the community had nothing whatever to do.

ONE CABINET OFFICE

WE HAVE BELIEVED IT MORE HELPFUL to stay out of the chorus of more or less insistent suggestion which nags Mr. WILSON about his Cabinet making. But when Senator OWEN demands that the Interior Department be given to Oklahoma, it is time to speak up. A large part of the Interior Department's work consists in looking after the Indians; and if there is any man in Oklahoma who either can or will deal honestly with an Indian, he is too lonely to get much endorsement for public office. The Indians have got to be treated not according to the public opinion which prevails in the communities who are in direct contact with them, and who make money by stealing from them, but according to the ideas of justice throughout the country as a

whole. In Oklahoma, Indian minors are the wards of the probate courts; the expenses of administration in these cases average about nineteen per cent of the estate. Lawyers will understand the significance of the figure. The expense of administering an estate ought not to exceed four per cent, and when the Oklahoma minor is white it does not exceed that. A good deal of the Indian land and public domain in Oklahoma has already been stolen, and some opulent citizens of that State are now enjoying it. The next Secretary of the Interior must be, like the present one, a man who holds this property secure for its owners.

ANOTHER BALLINGER?

THE INDIANS form only a fraction of the Interior Department's care. The man who is to fill this post will have charge of a domain larger and more valuable than many European kingdoms. It all belongs to the people of the United States, and it is entirely surrounded by persons and corporations who are steadily bent on stealing some of it. Candidly, out of a large experience with this department and its problems, we can see no course for Mr. WILSON so safe as to keep the present incumbent, Mr. FISHER, provided he should be so fortunate as to induce Mr. FISHER to stay. When Mr. FISHER succeeded Mr. BALLINGER he carried with him the confidence of the East and the conservationists, who look upon him as the guardian of the people's property; by enlightened good sense, and tact without improper concession, he has acquired the confidence of the Westerners who want to see the country developed under proper safeguards. The Interior Department is the most difficult of Mr. WILSON's appointments; there is a potential Ballinger case in most of the candidacies that are being urged upon him.

THE MAN WHO MADE MONEY OUT OF IT

ON CHRISTMAS NIGHT a negro in Washington, D. C., committed the most hideous crime in the world under circumstances so revolting that mere allusion to it is painful. When the prisoner was arraigned the next day, and the court made the formal demand that he plead, he replied, according to the account in the Washington "Times":

"I just don't know how to plead."

"Did you do this act or not?" inquired Clerk SEBRING, severely.

"I drunk so much liquor that night I don't remember," replied the prisoner, cowering before the gaze of the court and those about him.

Our idea of effective journalism would be for the "Times" to have its reporters investigate just what brand of liquor this negro drank, find out the manufacturer and print his photograph and his name, with the simple legend: "This is the man who profited by the crime." The man, of course, would turn out to be a highly respectable citizen of Louisville or Baltimore or some other of the great whisky-manufacturing centers; at the very moment when the tragedy that he stimulated was blighting a family in Washington he was sitting smugly and happily at the head of his Christmas table, surrounded by his family whom he keeps secure from crime with all the safeguards that money can provide. In Louisville and Baltimore to be a manufacturer of whisky carries no odium; wealth cleanses all.

THE ANCIENT EVIL

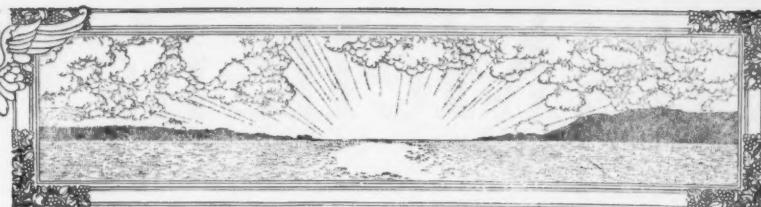
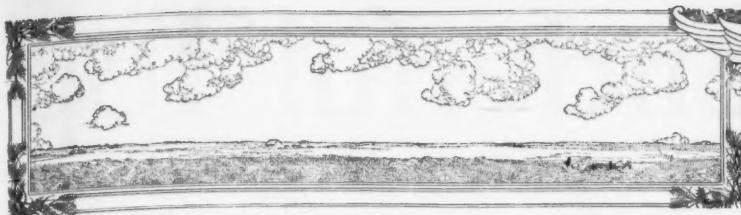
SO MUCH SPACE as is required for a very important statement of facts we freely give to Hon. HENRY L. STIMSON, Secretary of War. We copy the words from his Annual Report as officially transmitted to Congress:

The high percentage of venereal disease continues to be the reproach of the American army, and the daily average number of those sick from that cause during the past calendar year was larger than the daily average number of those sick from all other of the more important diseases combined.

What reason is there to hope that conditions in civil life are better, especially in the cities, where men congregate in large numbers, free from the ordinary restraints of family life? On this point also Secretary STIMSON speaks:

I believe that the ultimate causes which make the record of our army in this respect shameful beyond that of the army of any other civilized nation are inherent in our own shortcomings as a nation in dealing with this matter. So long as in our civil communities, and particularly our larger cities, we continue to close our eyes to the magnitude and extent of the evil and refrain from attacking it with all of the weapons which modern scientific knowledge places in our hands, it cannot but be expected that the younger men in our army, leading the abnormal life of the soldier, will show the effect of the evil to a marked degree.

Somewhere in one of his books, Mr. RAYMOND ROBINS says the time will come when knowledge of this kind will shock us, as impending disaster now moves us; and we will run to prevent it, and to save those threatened, as we now run to a fire.



SUPPRESSING THE EVIDENCE

FROM THE LIST OF FOREIGN CORRESPONDENTS published at the top of the foreign page of Mr. WILLIAM R. HEARST's New York "American" on Tuesday morning, December 17:

LONDON Chester Overton John L. Eddy ↙

Read now from the testimony which Mr. HEARST under oath gave before the Clapp Committee of the United States Senate investigating the sale of the Archbold letters on the same day, *Tuesday, December 17*:

MR. HEARST—Very well, sir. Your question was?

THE CHAIRMAN—From whom you obtained these photographic facsimiles of the letters that are published in the "Hearst Magazine" [the Standard Oil letters].

MR. HEARST—From . . . Mr. John Eddy . . .

SENATOR OLIVER—I understood you to say that Mr. Eddy is now abroad.

MR. HEARST—Yes, sir.

SENATOR OLIVER—Is he in your employ?

MR. HEARST—No.

Turn now to the same list of foreign correspondents published at the top of the foreign page of Mr. HEARST's New York "American" on the following day, *Wednesday morning, December 18*:

LONDON Chester Overton C. W. Williams ↙

This incident might not be important if Mr. HEARST and his institutions did not possess so much power to affect public opinion. Whatever will throw light on the character and methods of such institutions is valuable to know.

MONEY

THE YEAR CLOSED with the cost of living at about the highest mark in a quarter of a century. The highest point reached in the year was very near one hundred per cent over the lowest point reached in the lowest year within this generation. That was 1896. But this is a little misleading. The average for the last three years has been only about fifty per cent higher than the average of the three lowest years, from 1895 to 1897. But fifty per cent means a good deal to the man with a nearly fixed wage. It means, for example, that an income of \$600 a year fifteen years ago was as good as an income of \$900 a year now. Actually, there was far more saving then, for a period of rapidly rising prices always means an era of wild speculation and extravagant ways of living. Thrift is at a discount. This is the moral aspect of an inflated and depreciating currency, for an inflated and depreciating currency is exactly what rising prices mean, and nothing more. Many able men thought, in the first Bryan campaign for example, that a gold standard would give us a dollar of stable value. This it has utterly failed to do.

"RAG"

MR. NAHAN FRANKO is a musician, it would appear, in spite of the fact that he has been leading an orchestra in the tea room of one of New York's most magnificent hotels. Not only does Mr. FRANKO survive after several years of this experience, but he evidently intends that a few glimmers of his art shall survive as well. He ventured the other day to play a little RUBINSTEIN. Mr. FRANKO was aware that as orchestra leader in the tea room of a Fifth Avenue hotel he had to "suit all tastes," nevertheless, he ventured. Promptly appeared a flunkey with a note from one of the stockholders, ordering him to stop what he was playing and "pick out something lively." The leader, who had doubtless desisted from ragtime in much the spirit in which a man whose head had been held under water for two minutes might come up to breathe, resented this command. Life was still sweet. He obeyed and switched into ragtime, but he also resigned. Next day you might have read this unexpected and really thrilling headline: "FRANKO quits. Orchestra leader refuses to play ragtime all the time." Mr. FRANKO appears to be both a musician and a man of spirit and it is a pleasure to behold him.

NATURE IN MIDWINTER

JUNE, crowned with roses, and October with her riot of color, have their messages. But in the silence and whiteness of midwinter Nature is seen in her most haunting way. The great snow world is unrelieved in its dazzling whiteness save for the faintly traced tracks of a rabbit, the tracery of bullrushes or reeds, and a blush of pink at sunset. The silent lake, locked in by brooding hills, presents a somber stretch of pallid ice. The barren elm trees whisper titanic secrets in the winter twilight. The branches of the firs and yews are laden down with clods of snow. Each little twig and stalk along the wayside is a

crystal wand as if the magic hand of Jack Frost had suddenly transformed it into silver. Hedgerows, gateposts, and stubble take on fantastic shapes. Through the arched boughs of the trees you look upon a vignette of purple skies, white plumes, and brown fretwork. The world has taken on nun's veiling and has gone into retreat, maybe in preparation for the resurrection soon to come. Nature is a vestal virgin, thoughtful and silent. In the village churchyard the snow fairies are covering with a white mantle the low mounds even as the birds covered with leaves the soft forms of the babes in the woods.

THE SILENT FILMS

CHERRY KEARTON takes moving pictures in the jungle. In the January "McClure's" he tells about the lions he has photographed. Here is his comment on one lion:

He came slowly at first, biting at the stinging spears, tearing up the ground in monstrous big gashes, and roaring the roar that strikes one in the chest and vibrates out of the back. Then he charged right into the thick of them. I have it on the film, but it is silent there and one can gain no idea at all of the awful tumult.

All that clamor has been reduced to the calm of a forest pool. It is as silent as the lovers on the Grecian Urn. That is the way life is lived on the films. Horses go galloping in hot pursuit, but no thunder comes from their hoofs. Men lock in the death struggle, with faces torn with anger and throats that are choked with curses. But no mutter comes out of the frenzy.

Perhaps in daily life truth is blurred by rushing in pell-mell at many senses. Here in the motion picture is noiseless action. All that would distract is banished. And the enactment reaches the cool eye, there to be weighed. It is art's own selection. Isn't that the way that life here below must have looked to the gods on Olympus? Was it not an unfolding spectacle of glad wine festivals and fighting men and sorry slaves? And all the picture untroubled by laughter or wailing?

It was the shriek of the patient, in the old days when anesthesia was a dream, that sent the surgeon's knife astray. It was the vociferous pleading of the thief and the murderer that made the judge forget the robbed orphan and the freshly widowed woman silent in the background.

Is there not something of eternal justice in the mute films which render life as a silent spectacle, unbetrayed by lamentation or revelry? At sudden noise the eye closes. Under prolonged din it grows watery and uncritical. Let us regain our sure judgments by examining our life of action in the hush of the kinetoscope. Shall we not apply this test to many of our carnivals and learn if the acts that fill the air with harshness have in them anything beautiful and significant?

THE LOADED DICE

THERE IS A HAPHAZARD ELEMENT in life which makes every turning of a street corner an adventure. It is that which lets us keep blundering in on new displays of color and daring, surprising chance beauty on the faces of children or on the autumn leaves. There is something amazing in the waste and squandering of beauty, power, charm, at random. We all have glimpses of rare women in sordid places. Once we saw a barmaid in an English inn whose face was lovely in its young beauty. And there she went answering drunken orders and spending that early bloom among heavy-footed louts. In any community there are several women of grace and fine ability burnishing up a fragile strength on rough tasks. Those unobserved and vagrant perfections touch the sober journey with flashes of color. They mean that life refuses to be organized, is too abundant to work orderly, has no bureau of registration for beauty, no central clearing station for its multitudinous wonder. The next inn at the turning of the road may be reserving for us a loyal friend or a fresh adventure.

A NIGHTCAP

LET OUR LAST THOUGHT of the evening be one of thanksgiving that, in the few hours of the day now ending, so much good will has been shown to us. There have been well-wishers, ready to further every effort of our hands and responsive to each impulse of our friendliness. We have received much kindness within a little time. It is not permitted us to doubt the good in all men when those whom we know have helped us to happiness. Let us be glad of the peaceful home—the shelter itself shutting out the night of storm—and the loyalty of the comrades, housed with us from the loneliness of life, giving of their steady affection. Let us be comforted, knowing that we shall sleep in peace, forgiven for our shortcomings, and that we shall waken to work and the fresh chances of the morning, with failure forgotten and the scene newly set for our endeavor.

Mr. Mellen's Wonderful Top

By
CARL SNYDER



RARELY is there disclosed to the public, the crass, common public which pays, the workings of that Higher World of altitudinous finance wherein our Morgans and Mellens live and move and perform their miracles. But the operations of Mr. Mellen in or on the New Haven Railroad have so deeply attracted the attention of legislative committees, railway commissions, and the like that by sufficient industry in piecing together the parts one may gain a view that might be quite wonderful if we were, as a people, much given to wondering.

It might be called the story of "The Top That Mr. Mellen Built" out of the old New Haven Railroad; and as a top, so long as it can be kept upright, spins upon a pointed peg, it is proper that I should begin with the peg.

About five years ago, when the process of mellenizing (or shall I say morganizing?) it seems very much

It spins upon a pointed peg, the New England Navigation Company, above which is dexterously balanced a structure of steamship companies, trolleys, and railroads, which has risen as the stock of the New York, New Haven & Hartford R.R. has gone steadily down

the same thing) the New Haven had begun to produce some very disquieting results, as it usually seems to do, there was a considerable commotion among New Haven shareholders and not a little tendency to protest. But it usually happens that in this process, just as the shares became decreasingly valuable, control of the property, for various reasons, became increasingly valuable. This perhaps will make clear the utility of any invention by which control may be maintained with a minimum quantity of stock.

Now the New Haven, as everyone knows, is not only a very considerable railroad but a huge holding concern as well, a kind of rag bag of trolleys and steamships and electric-light plants and gas plants and stone quarries, with bits of stock in amusement companies and hotels and newspapers, and Heaven knows what else.

There is not precisely a separate company for every one of these different lines of activity, but very near it. For example, the Connecticut company does for the trolleys, etc., in Connecticut; the Rhode Island company the same for that State; the New England Navigation Company for the boats, etc.; and prior to 1907 the general control and operation of the trolley companies was vested in the Consolidated Railroad Company.

Needless to say, all the stock of all these companies was held by the New Haven. They were merely operating names. But in 1907 a singular thing occurred. The Navigation Company—otherwise known as Mr. Mellen's "laundry"—grew weary of running boats. It had so many other things to attend to—for example, exchanging stock for Boston & Maine and organizing trolley companies, etc. So the boats were "sold" to the Consolidated Railroad Company. Common folk might have said "transferred." But the Higher World of finance has a language, and this language a meaning all its own.

It was true that no actual money passed. The Consolidated Company merely issued to the Navigation Company \$20,000,000 of Consolidated Railway stock. Whether there was any actual expenditure for printing the stock is not recorded. Then a month later the Consolidated Railway Company grew also weary of its too heavy burdens and was "merged" with the New Haven Railroad Company.

As the New Haven owned all of both companies, and the "merger" was supposed to be for the purposes of simplification, it might have been thought easy merely to cancel \$20,000,000 of Consolidated Railway stock on the books of the Navigation Company, and let it go at that. But these again are not the ways of High Finance. The Navigation Company's stock was exchanged for an equal amount of New Haven stock, although the Consolidated Company had never paid more than 4 per cent, while the New Haven Company was paying 8 per cent, and its stock therefore supposedly worth twice as much.

The result of this transaction was to give to the Navigation Company an almost predominating influence in the affairs of the New Haven; for a simple reason: The New Haven was then, and still is, one of the most widely distributed of railway stocks. A census of a year or so before had shown that the average holdings were less than a hundred shares each. That would be less than a par value of \$10,000. Inspection of the share lists even as late as last April failed to show that there were more than nine stockholders who, or rather which, held more than a million dollars par value of New Haven's stock—"which" rather than "who," because with a single exception these nine largest stockholders were corporations and not persons. This list was as follows:

Pennsylvania Railroad.....	40,525 shares
American Express Co.....	36,324 "
Mutual Life Ins. Co. of N. Y.....	35,640 "
Lewis Cass Ledyard.....	20,542 "
Adams Express Co.	18,230 "
New York Central Railroad.....	15,156 "
The Billard Co.	13,072 "
New England Navigation Co.....	213,196 "

There is in this list a single individual, Mr. Lewis Cass Ledyard, a well-known corporation lawyer and first vice president of the American Express Company. It is inferred that Mr. Ledyard holds this stock in trust for other parties.

The directors of the New Haven, twenty-five in number, unitedly hold a number of shares as follows:

Charles M. Pratt.....	6,690 shares
William Skinner.....	5,602 "
Charles S. Mellen.....	3,745 "
Edwin Milner.....	2,310 "
J. Pierpont Morgan.....	2,188 "
William Rockefeller.....	2,150 "
Frederick F. Brewster.....	1,875 "
John L. Billard.....	1,844 "
Alexander Cochran.....	1,500 "
Henry K. McHarg.....	1,200 "
George MacCulloch Miller.....	1,000 "
I. De Ver Warner.....	855 "
Newton Barney.....	630 "
Charles F. Brooker.....	600 "
Amory A. Lawrence (deceased).....	600 "
James S. Elton.....	575 "
George F. Baker.....	500 "
James S. Hemingway.....	360 "
Francis T. Maxwell.....	300 "
George J. Brush (deceased).....	252 "
Thomas De Witt Cuyler.....	250 "
Theodore N. Vail.....	250 "
James McCrea.....	100 "
Robert W. Taft.....	64 "
Edward Milligan.....	34 "
	35,474 "

The holdings of Mr. Mellen, Mr. Morgan, and a number of others were considerably greater a few years ago than now.

There is here a total of shares of a par value of \$3,547,400. At the close of its last fiscal year the New Haven had outstanding \$179,000,000 of capital stock. Of all this considerable issue, there was one large stockholder—that was the New England Navigation Company, which the New Haven owns itself. Consider the effect:

Even in warm Presidential elections only a little over one-half of the electorate usually exercises its privilege. The same thing is true in large corporations of widely distributed holdings. Even where there is a fight for control, it is often difficult to induce shareholders even to take the trouble to sign proxies. Agents have to be sent out to visit the holders personally.

THE STRING OF THE TOP

THE other side of the story is this: The directors of the New England Navigation Company are named by the directors of the New Haven Railroad. The trustees so named vote the twenty-odd millions of New Haven stock owned by the Navigation Company. If possession of 30 or 40 per cent of the total share capital of a company usually carries with it absolute control, the inquiring reader may figure out for himself how many shares would be required to dominate the New Haven, supposing the management in possession and voting these twenty-odd thousand shares.

A very large number of shares of the New Haven are held in trust funds in the hands of lawyers or bankers. It would actually require but the friendship of a few of these, with proper associations with say the American Express Company and one or two other powerful corporations, absolutely to dominate the New Haven's affairs. Actually it would probably require something akin to an earthquake to dislodge the Mellen management.

Control of the New Haven then is actually on what is known as a "shoestring" basis; or to pursue the analogy already suggested, let us say the string of a top. This string is attached to the safety-deposit boxes of half a dozen lawyers, half a dozen bankers, and three or four corporations. The mode of attachment may vary a little.

To carry on the business of a billion-dollar company one must have large amounts of cash, which must be largely deposited in banks, and one must make large loans, the placing of which is sometimes very profitable.

MR. MELLEN AND HIS AMIABLE STOCKHOLDERS

THEN again a billion-dollar corporation has an enormous amount of litigation—sometimes an excessive amount, if a road is in bad shape and freight losses are heavy and accidents frequent and disagreeable people are continually suing for damages. In a billion-dollar company retainer fees are sometimes very handsome.

And finally a great railway corporation has very profitable contracts, as, for example, its express business, and that is why we usually find the express companies with considerable holdings of railway stock, because these holdings are often extremely useful.

This then is how perhaps even a few hundred thousands well placed, and with a properly arranged subsid-

iary company holding a considerable part of the capital stock, the amount of property which may come under the sway of a few individuals, or let us say in the present instance of two individuals, is limited only by the borrowing industry of a president and the amiability of stockholders and legislators.

What Mr. Mellen has borrowed and bought, and how amiable have been his shareholders, a little comparison will disclose.

When Mr. Mellen came back to the New Haven, nine years ago, it was a simple and compact railroad system, uniting the old New Haven & Hartford, the New York & New Haven, the Old Colony, and several minor lines; all told, it operated a little over two thousand miles of main track. Through the Old Colony line it owned the Fall River steamships, which were a feeder to that line. And this was about the extent of its outside operations.

NEW HAVEN HOLDS 400 OTHER COMPANIES

THE New Haven had then a share capital of about \$79,000,000 and interest-bearing debt of about \$14,000,000, and it paid about \$4,500,000 annually on leased lines. In other words, the New Haven had property of its own to the amount of \$100,000,000 and rented property to the value of about \$100,000,000 more.

What is now its gross capitalization is extremely difficult to compute. The so-called Validation Commission of Massachusetts prepared an enormous chart attempting to show all the New Haven's holdings. It listed a total of 322 different companies which the New Haven held by ownership or lease or large interest. But this did not include the Boston & Maine system, with 3,500 miles of trackage, as against the New Haven's 2,000 miles, nor the Rutland Railroad, nor the Boston & Albany, nor the New England Investment & Security Co., which holds the Massachusetts trolley lines, illegally acquired by the New Haven and which the New Haven was compelled to "sell."

All told, the number of companies is between four and five hundred. The gross capital of these companies, including the recently acquired Rutland Railroad and half of the Boston & Albany, which the New Haven now holds on joint lease with the New York Central, amounted last year to over \$1,200,000,000. This is the total of the stocks and bonds issued by these various companies. There are, however, innumerable duplications—one company buying another and issuing new stock or bonds therefor, which would considerably reduce this amount. But at a rough estimate the total is still well over \$1,000,000,000.

BUT NEW HAVEN STOCK HAS DROPPED STEADILY

TO THE unsophisticated it would be a natural inference that it would require at least a very considerable sum of money to control a billion-dollar property. But the unsophisticated are, of course, the uninitiated. You see the process. The New Haven, for example, owns the Boston Holding Company, and the Boston Holding Company owns control of the Boston & Maine, and the Boston & Maine itself controls another conglomeration of small companies, and finally the Boston & Maine owns the Maine Central and, through this, still more subsidiary lines.

By buying control of one company which controls another, and that another, and so on, the final control of all this huge mass of corporations may really rest with the shareholders of one. And that one here is the New Haven Railroad proper; and control of the New Haven, as we have seen, is practically invested in the New England Navigation Company—that is to say, to all intents and purposes not in the hands of the New Haven's shareholders, but of the existing New Haven management. It is by this dexterously balanced and ingenious device that the vast New Haven-Boston & Maine system has become, as it were, an inverted pyramid standing upon its apex. But because of the delicacy of the equilibrium, and because to maintain this equilibrium the device must be somehow kept in motion, I have preferred to think of it as a top.

Now the remarkable thing is that while all this wonderful structure has been going up, New Haven stock has been steadily going down—from as high as 250 some years ago to about half that now. Of course, it may have been that the stock was fictitiously high; and it may have been that all these purchases of trolleys and steamships and competing lines were needful to retain what value the stock now has. Or again it might be said that these purchases were undertaken in a wave of nation-wide buoyancy in which fancy figures were characteristic.

INFLATED PURCHASES AND INFLATED VALUATIONS

BUT it was apparent even five years ago that some of these purchases had been at enormous prices; and still they go on at the same kind of prices. Even the last few weeks have seen the confirmation by the courts of the sale of a controlling interest in the Rutland Railroad by the New York Central, although one of the dissenting judges, Justice Laughlin, was extremely mystified as to why the New Haven was willing to pay three times the market value of the stock for the purpose of control, unless to obtain some advantage at the expense of the Rutland Railroad, and would have refused on this account to permit the sale.

Further, all told, Mr. Mellen has had the distribution in these nine years of something like \$300,000,000 of new capital. There has been such a piling up of companies within companies that it is a little difficult to

calculate the exact amount. Much of this capital, it is true, has been obtained at a high rate, first by the sale of a \$100,000,000 (actual) of New Haven stock, on which 8 per cent continues to be paid; and, secondly, by notes and bonds which have probably averaged above 5 per cent. But it would still seem to the average mind as if the investment of \$300,000,000, resulting in an absolute transportation monopoly in the richest section of the Union, ought to have been a highly profitable operation. Profitable it may have been to some one or some many; but profitable it has not been to the New Haven Railroad.

While Mr. Mellen has been reaching out for the control of all New England, the New Haven Road is supposed to have been highly prosperous and grown apace. But these are the figures: In the year that Mr. Mellen took charge (1903) the gross revenue of the New Haven was a little over \$47,000,000. In 1912 this income of the railway proper had grown to \$64,000,000. Nine years of expansion in a marvelously prosperous era, and with the lines of all New England now simply feeders, meant to the New Haven an increase in gross railway revenue of \$17,000,000, or 36 per cent!

But if traffic grew little, there were other things which had grown mightily. That was the supposed value of "road and equipment." This was set down in the balance sheet for 1903 at about \$60,000,000; in 1912, for the same 2,000 miles of track and only about 50 more, it was \$188,000,000. Three times as much "road and equipment" had yielded an increase in gross revenues of a little over one-third.

To be perfectly fair to Mr. Mellen and his management, it is to be said that the apparent proportion for operating expenses has been cut down heavily, and especially the actual transportation expenses, outside the cost of upkeep. Just how much of this has been a real saving and how much is due simply to changes in book-keeping methods would be very difficult to determine. If only half of it were real saving, it would still justify a very heavy outlay on equipment and roadbed.

SCRIMPING THE UPKEEP TO PAY DIVIDENDS

ON THE other hand, the proportion of its income which the New Haven devotes to its maintenance is singularly low. Messrs. Price-Waterhouse, the accountants, have recently made elaborate comparisons of the great trunk lines, and their tables for 1911 show that while, for example, maintenance on the Erie, now no longer "the poor old Erie," took 27.6 per cent of the gross, for the New York Central 30.8 per cent, for the Pennsylvania 31.2 per cent, and for the Baltimore & Ohio 29.6 per cent, the New Haven took only 22.8 per cent.

Figures are always a little dry, but the meaning is this: If the New Haven had spent as much as the other roads on maintenance, this would have taken \$4,000,000 more out of its net income. And the same was true before 1911 and in 1912. As in each of these years it failed to earn its full 8 per cent dividend, broad scale maintenance would have meant an annual deficit of \$4,000,000 a year.

Now it is extremely difficult, at any time and on any road, to say what is fair upkeep. But one very obvious and excellent test of proper maintenance is the number of accidents that a railroad has; and it is precisely in this regard that the New Haven has latterly been peculiarly unfortunate.

Scrimping repairs and renewals in order to pay unearned dividends is scarcely a policy calculated to commend a railway management to public favor. And in the end for such a policy the shareholders most always pay, and pay dearly, in cash.

There is a good deal to suggest that the New Haven has been rather in straits to maintain its dividends

for a considerable time. As far back as 1907 Mr. Brandeis pointed out a peculiar transaction, and because it highly illuminates Mr. Mellen's methods and his idea of fairness toward his shareholders, that transaction is worth telling in full.

NEW HAVEN STOCKHOLDERS PLEASE READ

IN THE report for 1907 it was stated that "since the last annual meeting 85,120 additional shares of the capital stock of your company have been issued at \$200 per share in exchange for 4 per cent debentures of the Consolidated Railway Company at par. This retired \$17,042,000 of indebtedness by the creation of additional stock of the par value of \$8,521,000."

At the same time, in the profit and loss account appeared this item:

"Premiums on issue of stock and bonds, less discount and commission on debentures, \$4,777,366."

This was a handsome sum and left the management in a generous mood. In the ante-Mellen—or should one say antemelon?—days the New Haven had always charged up to expenses several millions a year for betterments. After Mr. Mellen's coming, these appropriations were dropped, owing to a painful lack of surplus. But in 1907, from the "premiums" recounted above, the management generously charged off \$3,000,000 for improvements. It made an excellent impression.

But when, at Mr. Brandeis's suggestion, the management was questioned by the Massachusetts Railway Commission as to the source of these premiums, it was disclosed that they had come almost entirely from the exchange of New Haven stock for *Consolidated Railway Bonds*. There had been, in fact, such "premiums," amounting to over \$8,000,000, and from this the management had deducted over \$3,000,000 "expenses on the European loan" of that year, leaving the balance of \$4,777,000 recounted above.

Now there would have been nothing very interesting in all this, except for the unfortunate fact of the *Consolidated Railway*, whose debentures had been thus exchanged, being owned entirely by the New Haven! The \$17,000,000 of "indebtedness" was almost wholly the indebtedness of the right hand to the left. The New Haven gave its stock in exchange for debentures largely held in its own treasury, and then credited itself with the "premium" of \$100 per share on the stock thus "sold."

Then from this \$8,000,000 or so of calcinated atmosphere it charged off \$3,100,000 of actual loss on a loan and \$3,000,000 additional for "improvements." One wonders why, after having made the discovery of this joyous method of discharging indebtedness and meeting deficits, Mr. Mellen should ever have had any further worries, such as he is facing now. Perchance, if it had not been for Mr. Brandeis's disagreeable activities, this might have been the case, and the New Haven shareholders been provided with further evidence of the New Haven's prosperity.

THE TALE OF A TWENTY-MILE TROLLEY

NOW, moreover, the transaction having been laid bare, one a little wonders what, for example, were the supervisory functions, say, of the Massachusetts Railway Commission and the Public Service Commission of Connecticut. The New Haven operates under local charters from these two States, and is in some measure responsible to these commissions. But not even in the Validation Report of the Massachusetts committee, when the whole question of the New Haven's financial condition was under view, was there any reference to these peculiar bookkeeping operations.

Since, in his recent newspaper manifesto, Mr. Mellen has referred to this "Validation Report" as a practical exoneration of his policies, I should like to give one instance, at least, where the value of this report has been carefully examined.

The New Haven, in the course of Mr. Mellen's buying mania, had come into possession of the trolley line from Tarrytown to the village of Mamaroneck, in the State of New York. What earthly use it could have for this property, not remotely a competitor, no ordinary mortal could fathom. The road was not only bankrupt, but it could not even earn its operating expenses.

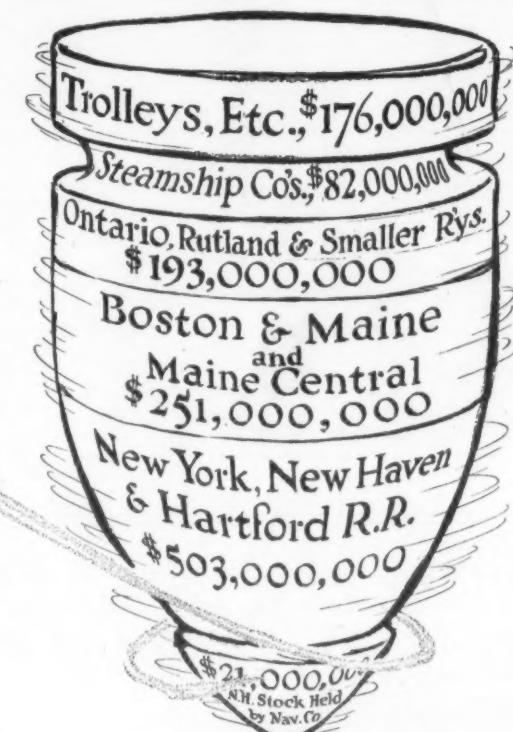
Yet into this twenty miles of trolley line, saddled with an impossible contract in its charter, Mr. Mellen poured \$915,000. The property having been "reorganized" after sale at auction, the New Haven applied to the Public Service Commission for permission to issue stock to this amount. But this application was to a commission which the New Haven does not own or appoint, viz., for the Second District of New York—i.e., all New York State outside of New York City.

NEW YORK KICKS OVER THE WATER PAIL

THIS commission, as the New York law directs, required an appraisal, and this appraisal was made by the well-known engineering firm of Westinghouse, Church, Kerr & Co., of which John F. Wallace, who so dramatically resigned as director of the Panama Canal construction, is president. The result was another miracle of the sort of which we have of late years seen so many, in the way of railway valuations. Messrs. Westinghouse, Church, Kerr & Co., in an inventory "very extensively detailed," found the total duplication cost but a shade less than the New Haven's actual investment, viz., \$862,000.

But while the hearings were in progress it was found

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The Passage of Pope Pius X on His Way to the Consistory

Writing for Collier's of a Vatican scene like this a year ago, Ford Madox Hueffer, the novelist, thus painted in words the view the camera now records: Suddenly against the light I saw an immense thing darting and swaying slightly. It suggested an apparition borne on high with two great fans swaying one on each side—entirely black against the light of the high portal. One knew that it was the throne of the Pope of Rome. We could see a bent form beneath a great miter. I was so taken up with the face and the hands that gave the benediction that I never saw his dress



The Funeral Throne of Patriarch Joachim III

What a wonderful spectacle was this witnessed by war-threatened Stamboul! Wonderful in itself alone—the funeral journey of the venerable Patriarch of the Greek Church, borne through the streets sitting lifelike in his chair of state! More wonderful by contrasts of time and place! For Turkish gendarmes guarded the body and its escort of Greek priests, and representatives of the Sultan walked in the procession, although in battle lines not far away Turks and Greeks faced each other. In fullness of honor the Patriarch passed—in sacerdotal dress and miter



English Honors to Whitelaw Reid

The body of Whitelaw Reid was borne in state, December 21, from the Ambassador's late residence, Dorchester House, to Victoria Station in London on the way to America. Every honor was accorded the memory of the veteran diplomat by the King of England. A detachment of the Household Cavalry and of the Scots Guards marched through the streets of London as an escort. The body of the Ambassador was carried on a gun caisson covered by an American flag. The funeral was held January 4 at the Cathedral of St. John the Divine in New York City.



Woodrow Wilson at His Birthplace, Staunton, Virginia

On December 28, 1912, fifty-six years after the date of the birth of its illustrious son, the Virginian city of Staunton welcomed home the next President of the United States, and he slept again in the Presbyterian manse where he was born. Governor Mann of Virginia greeted him on his arrival, and the two reviewed a parade. A gray-headed negro called the chosen chief executive "Master Tommy," and won a smile. A community rejoiced, and with it a State, a section, and a nation. Governor Wilson in his speech said the measure of business value was service.

THIS CAN BE STOPPED

By MARK SULLIVAN

TO AVOID any charge of over-emphasis, let us call on Hon. Theodore E. Burton of Ohio. No man in public life is better known for exact thought, and none is more careful in statement. Concerning the subject which this page deals with, Senator Burton's words, uttered on the floor of the Senate, were:

"Besides its enormous magnitude, this industry will become fundamental to many other industries which depend upon water power for their operation and success. The possibility of a control of the business of the country through the agency of water power is more imminent than any other form of control ever attempted in the history of human endeavor."

These are strong words; considering that they come from an elder Senator, one who is classed as decidedly conservative, they justify ringing the fire bell.

The Issue

SENATOR BURTON was speaking of the efforts made by the large water-power interests to get from the Government of the United States, which now owns them, certain enormously valuable water-power sites. And let us all be perfectly clear: neither Senator Burton, nor Secretary Stimson, nor Secretary Fisher, nor any of the others who are leading this fight on behalf of the people wants to keep these water-power sites forever locked up and useless. They want them put to work, and just as early as possible; they want the work of development to be done by private capital; they want that private capital to have an adequate reward, even including some speculative reward for the capital that is willing to take the venture. But what these men, and the friends of conservation generally, do insist upon is this. (This statement of what the conservation leaders demand is made loosely; the leaders differ somewhat among themselves as to details and methods of control, which are not important):

That the Federal Government, before giving a franchise, shall retain sufficient control to prevent the amalgamation of all these power sites into one great monopoly.

That the Government shall have the power, if necessary, to control the charges made to the public for light and power from these sites, and finally

That the franchise shall terminate within a reasonable time and give opportunity for revaluation from time to time.

Right Now

THIS subject is of pressing importance just now for this reason: Some months ago an effort was made, under the leadership of some of the most powerful Democrats in the Senate and House, to give away several valuable sites to water-power corporations. (Part of this effort was described in COLLIER'S last week.) Bills were introduced giving away without compensation sites in Tennessee, Montana, Illinois, Iowa, Alabama, and Missouri, aggregating in value more than \$10,000,000. But for President Taft the effort would have been successful. The Coosa Dam Bill passed both the Senate and the House, although there was vigorous opposition in both cham-

This is a case where the horse is not yet stolen; there is still time to lock the door

IN THE meantime special interests, in order to reap the harvests of the last of our great natural resources, have been grabbing for these water-power sites with a greed hardly paralleled in the history of this country, which has already suffered enough from exploitation of our natural resources.

—SENATOR THEODORE BURTON OF OHIO.

WE WILL have a Water Power Trust in this country in comparison with which the Steel Trust . . . and the Standard Oil Trust . . . will seem as mere benevolent societies organized for the dissemination of Christian charity.—CONGRESSMAN BENJAMIN G. HUMPHREYS OF MISSISSIPPI.

bers. It was vetoed by President Taft, who said in the course of his message:

"I think . . . that it is just as improvident to grant this permit without such a reservation (i.e., a compensation to the Government) as it would be to throw away any other asset of the Government."

It is now commonly understood that the power grabbers and their friends will make an effort during the remaining days of the present Congress to pass these bills over President Taft's veto.

State Rights

THE Federal Government spends many millions in making a stream navigable. As an incident of this process water power of enormous value is developed. A good many perfectly honest men in Congress think it is entirely proper to give this water power away to a private corporation without compensation. That is one manifestation of what State rights means. If any considerable number of Democrats turn out to be stubborn in their allegiance to this century-old doctrine, some very unfortunate things are bound to happen.

Not All

THE Democrats who are helping the effort to give valuable Government property to private corporations without compensation have been credited with the assumption that their motive is the traditional State rights doctrine of their party. Unhappily, this is not universally correct. The business of distinguishing between those Democrats who are living in the past and those too up-and-coming ones who have alliances with big business will be difficult but necessary.

A Senator in a Hurry

ON JULY 29 Senator Bankhead of Alabama introduced a bill giving to the Alabama Power Company authority to build a dam on the Coosa River. On August 6, just eight days later, the bill was reported on the floor of the Senate. (Consider the speed of that, all persons who have tried for years to get, for example, a law prohibiting the interstate shipment of liquor

into prohibition communities.) When Senator Burton of Ohio indicated his wish to make some remarks on this bill, Mr. Bankhead was very urgent:

"This is a very important matter to us. If it is not passed now the probabilities are that we shall not be able to have it passed at this session. Let us try to."

But Senator Burton insisted, and on the following day, August 7, we find Mr. Bankhead pleading again:

"I have no disposition in the world to interfere with other business of the Senate, but I am exceedingly anxious to have the consideration of this measure at an early time."

On August 15 Senator Bankhead was again busy. He said:

"I desire to ask unanimous consent that on Friday morning, being to-morrow, immediately after the routine morning business, the Senate will consider . . . the bill to authorize the building of a dam across the Coosa River, Alabama."

Finally, on August 16, exactly eighteen days after he had introduced it, Senator Bankhead got the bill to a successful vote. As an illustration of just what can be done, this case should be remembered by all those public-spirited persons who spend years urging bills in the interests of the people.

The Forest Reserves

ANOTHER effort that is going to be made under cover of State rights is to take the forest reserves out of the hands of the National Government and give them to the various State governments. Of course, this is very different from the water-power situation. As to water power, the attempt is to take a valuable property away from the nation and give it directly to a private corporation. But those who are urging the removal of the forests from the possession of the nation have a shrewd idea that the arm of the State is neither as long nor as strong as the arm of the nation. The ultimate purpose in both cases is the same.

Roosevelt Foresaw It

NEARLY five years ago, when Roosevelt was still in the White House, he foresaw the tendency about which fully half the nation has now waked up. On February 26, 1908, in the course of an official public message, he said:

"Among these monopolies, as the report of the commission points out there is no other which threatens, or has ever threatened, such intolerable interference with the daily life of the people as the consolidation of companies controlling water power. . . . These bills are intended to enable the corporations to take possession in perpetuity of national forest lands for the purposes of their business, where and as they please, wholly without compensation to the public. Yet the effect of granting such privileges, taken together with rights already acquired under State laws, would be to give away properties of enormous value. No rights involving water power should be granted to any corporations in perpetuity, but only for a length of time sufficient to allow them to conduct their business profitably."

At the time Roosevelt wrote these words there was comparatively little public sympathy with his views, or even understanding of what he was driving at. In Congress his point of view was regarded as laughable. Now public opinion has advanced to a point where the last power-grab bill was carried only after a stiff fight and by a vote of 94 to 87.

The LITTLE GRAY MAN

By PETER CLARK MACFARLANE

A LITTLE gray man sits surrounded by rows of test tubes and other paraphernalia of the analytical chemist in a small laboratory in a small town in New England. A tall, well-groomed man shakes his finger at the little gray man and says:

"Well, Allyn, we'll get you just the same. Never doubt it! Sooner or later we will get you!"

After this menacing speech the tall man turns and walks stiffly out.

Query: Why did the tall man wish to "get" the gray man? And why did the little gray man, his cheeks flushing, his dark eyes glowing brightly, and his lips pursed stubbornly, gaze scornfully at a typewritten sheet which the tall man had left in his hand? Answer: That typewritten sheet was a cunningly phrased bill of health for benzoate of soda in catchups.

The tall man was an attorney for one of the great canning and preserving interests of the United States. His combination stood for millions of dollars, for manufacturing plants in half a dozen States, for warehouses and distributing centers in many directions, and *it stood for benzoate of soda*.

But the little gray man will not "stand for" benzoate of soda. He would not authorize the carefully prepared typewritten sheet to be published as a statement of his views. That was why the tall man was angry, and why he wanted to "get" the little gray man.

Not so many months ago another great firm of food manufacturers sent a blank check to the little gray man, and told him he might fill it out for any sum in four figures, which, for instance, might be \$9,999, if only he would see that their products were on the list of pure foods published by the Board of Health in the little town of Westfield, in which the little gray man lives. But the blank check went back with a letter which told the senders that if their foods were found to be all right they would get into the Westfield lists without cost, and if they were not they could not get into them by the payment of any sum whatever.

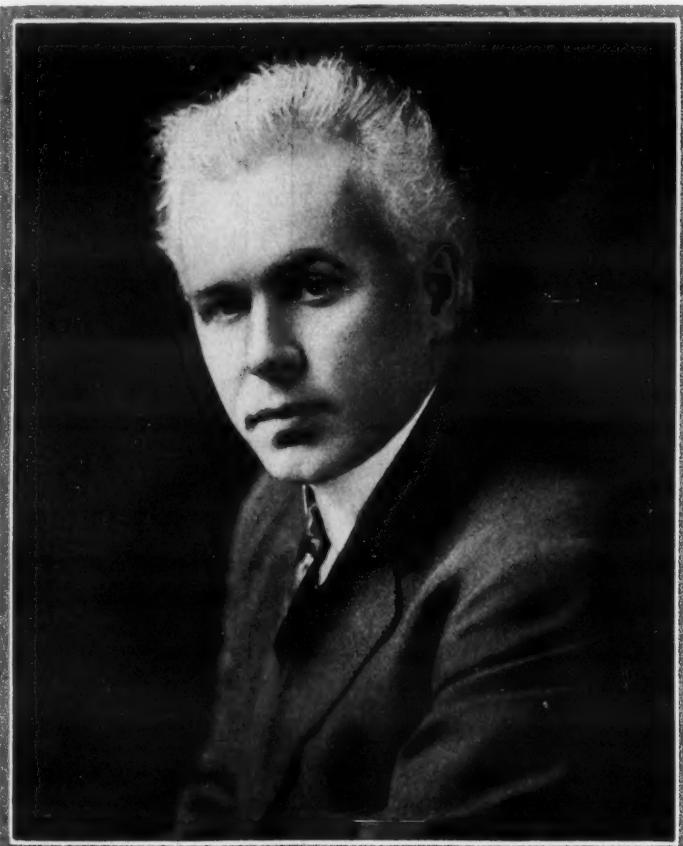
Why? one asks again, why, in the name of all of us who would like a check for \$9,999 for doing an accommodating little thing like that—why would any food maker pay such a sum to get into the good graces of one little Board of Health in one little New England town? And why Westfield in particular? What should be in that Westfield that it should be sounded more than Springfield or Pittsfield, or any other -field, -ton, or -ville in the commonwealth of Massachusetts?

THE BIGGEST WHIP THAT COMES FROM WESTFIELD

I HAVE looked at Westfield. It is just an ordinary factory town of some seventeen thousand people, including the Polakers.

Senator Murray Crane has a few paper mills sticking around the edges. There is a great foundry for making heating apparatus; and, of course, there are the whip factories. For one claim to distinction Westfield has in and of itself. It is the "Whip City" of the world. Ninety per cent of all the whips made in the United States come from Westfield.

But none of these have brought Westfield to fame. It was the little gray man who did that. He is the biggest whip that comes out of Westfield. He has found a way to lash the back of the man who puts benzoate in his jams to preserve them, blue vitriol in his peas to make them green, ether and red ink and grass seed in his apple sauce to make it into strawberry preserves, acetanilid and phenacetin into his headache powders to such an extent that they will dull the pain in an aching corn as readily as in a throbbing head. Washington is forgotten. The little gray man has made Westfield the pure-food capital of the nation. Not that Westfield makes foods! It does not, except for home consumption. There's the wonder. They do not can an oyster or a tomato; they do not preserve a pickle or a berry. But the Westfield Board of Health publishes a list of foods which it considers pure, and lo! one of the great food makers of America will pay ten thousand dollars to get its name in that food dealer's book of life. More remarkable even: two hundred letters a day come to the secretary of that Board of Health, asking: "How can we give Memphis"—or Dallas or Yankton or Pasadena—"a pure-food standard like Westfield?"



Professor Lewis B. Allyn, who has made Westfield, Mass., the pure-food capital of the nation

And the only answer that can be sure is: "Get a little gray man like ours."

For it is a fact that Westfield has a higher pure-food standard than the law allows. Take, for instance, the coal-tar dyes. The number of these dyes is legion. The little gray man says:

"Bad . . . heart depressers, every one of them. Take them into your system regularly with your food or medicine, and then some day you make a sudden dash for a street car and your heart stops—and never starts again!"

Yet the United States Government, through the national Pure Food Law as at present interpreted and administered, permits seven of these dangerous dyes—the "sacred seven," pure-food advocates facetiously term them—to be used in the compounding of more than twenty foods and drugs. But those twenty foods and drugs, so loaded with heart depressers, cannot be sold in Westfield. Cause: the little gray man. The Board of Health of which he is a member, the public sentiment which he has created, are stricter than the United States statute; and the flag which the Constitution follows into Westfield is not striped with coal-tar dyes.

You remember Dr. Wiley, of course, and how valiantly he fought for pure foods at Washington? You remember, too, how one big interest after another threatened to "get" Wiley just as the tall man threatened to get Allyn in the laboratory of the Normal School at Westfield, Mass.? Well, they "got" Wiley, and some day perhaps they will "get" the little gray man; but they haven't "got" him yet, and he becomes every day a more important factor in the fight for pure food.

CONSIDER THE THINGS HE HAS DONE

LEWIS B. ALLYN has the hair of seventy and the enthusiasms of twenty, while the number of his years is exactly thirty-seven. To the adulterator and the impoverisher of foods and drugs he doubtless seems a bothersome, dangerous, trade-disturbing, property-destroying person. Consider, for instance, the things he did in Worcester last March. Worcester was having a pure-food exposition. Professor Allyn was there with a booth and a small laboratory equipment, an important part of which was three girls from the senior class of the chemistry department of the Normal School. For one thing, Professor Allyn walked into a

store in Worcester and bought a can of peas, and into another store and bought a little bottle labeled "Pure Almond Extract, 2 Oz." Then he got upon the counter at his booth and, in full sight of the crowd that pressed round, applied the can opener to the peas, tipping the can forward so all could see the delicious greenness—to the sophisticated, the suspicious greenness—of the contents. The professor read the name of the brand of peas and the name of the packer of that brand very loudly and clearly, and repeated it, as the minister does the number of the hymns, so everyone would be sure to understand. Then Professor Allyn confessed to the people that he had his suspicions of that can of peas; that it looked to him as if they might be colored with copper. To see if that were so he poured some hydrochloric acid in the can. Then he brandished a gleaming steel butcher knife for a moment before the eyes of all; after which he stirred the peas with the knife thoroughly, methodically, expectantly, for a few patient moments. When he held the blade aloft again the steely sheen was gone, covered over completely by a coating of reddish-brown copper.

"Of course," observed the professor dryly in concluding the demonstration, "people that want to have their stomachs copper plated will always buy that brand of peas."

EXPOSING A FAKE

WHILE the people looked at one another in blank dismay, with a sort of pea greenness of feature, the grocer who had sold the demonstrator that can of goods hurried back to his store to get the rest of them off his shelves before anyone came along and recognized them.

But the professor had forgotten about the peas and was already demonstrating with the bottle of pure (?) almond extract. He gave the name of the brand and the packer as before, and began by observing that the label told two kinds of lies: first as to quantity, it said

"2 oz." when, as a matter of fact, the bottle was so concaved on all of its sides that while it looked like a two-ounce size it could only hold six-tenths of one ounce. It was a fake bottle, made to deceive, and it contained a fake article. "Pure Almond Extract," the label further declared; but there was not a drop of almond extract in the bottle. What it contained was diluted nitrobenzene, which is an important ingredient in the making of shoelacking. It will do for boots, but few people want it in their stomachs. It is a mere coincidence that it smells like almond extract, as you may notice the next time you have your shoes polished.

AN UNMASKER OF HYPOCRITES AND POISONERS

THE next few minutes of the professor's lecture were devoted to a searching verbal analysis of the moral character of a firm which would sell six-tenths of an ounce of nitrobenzene as two ounces of pure almond extract. Mr. Allyn is not a man given to strong language, and yet when his indignation is at the proper height he has a flow of words which adapt themselves beautifully to portraying the sort of hypocrisy which must mask the soul of a man who is willing to poison his neighbors for gain.

A feature of the demonstration booth was exhibits brought from the home laboratory at Westfield, setting forth in concrete form the horrors and dangers of adulterated foods and improperly compounded drugs.

"Miss Jenny," the professor would say at intervals during the daily lectures, "hand me the two boards and the chicken jar." And Miss Jenny, who was one of his assistants, would take from a nail on the wall a wide, thin board, to one-half of which another equally wide, thin board was glued, and from a shelf a glass jar filled with those delectable-looking, fluffy marshmallow confections that dealers expose for sale at Easter time, and every doting parent of us buys faithfully and fondly for the children. Miss Jenny held the jar up for all to see while the professor took the boards and tried vainly to wrench them apart. Then he passed them through the crowd. Strong men handled them and gave it up. It was a good cabinetmaker's job, that piece of gluing. Then the professor would take the jar and tap it significantly as he said: "Those boards are fastened together with glue taken by our girls from a package of marshmallow chickens. True marshmallow, made from gums, is harmless. The untrue,

(Continued on page 29)

The Humble Opinions of a Flatfoot

Our Navy as It Seems to the Enlisted Man Aboard Ship

III—Training, A Tour of the Ship. Fleet Evolutions

This is the third of a series of articles made up of letters from an American bluejacket to a friend ashore. The first appeared in Collier's of October 19 and the second was printed in the issue of December 7.

Sketches Made at Sea with the Fleet
By HENRY REUTERDAHL

THE SAILOR'S TRAINING

DEAR BLANK—If you are an average citizen, you look at moving pictures of our big squadron. You point with pride. You know what they cost. Besides this, you know the armor has been passed on by steel experts and the guns by masters of the subject of ordnance. Fine tools, but how about the men that handle them?

Popular songs are written about the "man behind the gun." The fact is that the man is way behind the gun—years and years behind it. Our guns are the product of the highest science, not a weak spot overlooked; every step in their making adds a definite point of strength. But the making of bluejackets is haphazard, unscientific—the enlisted personnel nearly all new, raw, poorly trained material. Worse still, what well-developed material there is, is being paid off from day to day. And few will reenlist, because certain little disagreeable features have made life in the navy impossible for them.

THE other night we had a war game, the first squadron pitted against the second. It was nearly midnight before the picket ships of the second squadron flashed in a wireless that the dreadnaughts of the attacking squadron were piling on all their speed in our direction. It was a little cloudy, but enough moonlight to make the situation a great naval picture. Our ships were in column with all lights obscured but all alive with lookouts and all gun crews at their stations. Then we saw a couple of dark shadows on the horizon, right astern. Take a pair of binoculars and look at them. They become a column of dreadnaughts, the finest afloat, breathing out big smudges of smoke and nearing fast—the fight is imminent. It was surely a great naval picture. I have seen these great ships day after day, but the sense of vast strength is never dulled from the impression they give.

But if I take my eyes off their powerful turrets my thoughts wander—I think of these dreadnaughts not as masses of steel but as fighting machines. Tremendous fighting machines, manned by crews boyish and immature. Man-o'-war's men! Is that their calling? Not in the least.

Now supposing you were running a machine shop where you could hire almost no experienced men, but had to depend on the apprentices you broke in. And supposing these apprentices disliked your shop so that when they got only half broken in they left you, and you had to get a fresh batch of "kids" on your hands. Would you dream day and night of buying more and more lathes and milling machines, the biggest on the market? Then would you point to these big machines and feel a superlative pride in your shop?

How is any workman best trained—by keeping him locked up in a shop for weeks at a time? Obviously such an idea is the height of foolishness. Well, a bluejacket has duties to perform that certainly demand a great many hours of careful training. It is the hours of careful drill that count and not the length of time he is confined aboard ship. I have worked in factories, and I know that when a green hand walks into a shop he peels off his coat, is set at a bench, and starts in with nine or ten hours' hard work to learn his job. No, he doesn't spend three or four hours polishing up his tools. And the afternoon finds him still wrestling with his work, learning a point here and there, serious and contented. This contrast shows things up. Never yet, outside of the work of coaling ship, have I ever seen a sensible day gone through in the navy, judged in the light of serious work and profitable training. If gun drills were carried on with the



husky seriousness that goes with coaling ship, we would have a navy that was a navy.

I honestly think that three days out of a week, a solid nine hours each of the two days, put in with a heavy manful seriousness at ships' drills, would show results in a year that would make our kind of a navy look silly with all its seven-day weeks for drilling.

The enlisted man is of small importance. He has no clever friends in Washington. He is forgotten, except when the public cheers him in a parade or laughs at him when he is getting his fun in a seaport. I admit that at Washington they like to prescribe more drills for his benefit or recommend that certain fines be increased to make him toe the mark.

Stop a minute! You are thinking I want the navy made "soft" for the bluejackets. A soft navy! Why, you might as well have a fourteen-inch gun made of soft iron. No, I don't want any soft navy, but only a navy that considers the kind of material it has to work with. This is the American navy, and nearly every bluejacket is an American. Once we had a navy full of foreigners. The present system of discipline comes down from that time. It is true enough that now we have a navy full of young recruits nearly all on their first enlistment. This helps to keep up the habit of disregarding the manhood and self-respect of enlisted men and perpetuating the system of bullying and browbeating. In four years these kids grow up some, but still they are treated the same as if they hadn't grown a day older.

I THINK it all comes from the military spirit getting out of date. Navies are a little old-fashioned. In the old days they caught a man on a side street, hit him on the head, dragged him on a ship, where fear of flogging and the sight of shipmates hanging from the yard-arm made him fight patriotically for the king. In those good old days human flesh could be made part of the fighting machine. This new notion of self-respect in the man up for'ard has made a sad mess of the *machine* tradition, and it is hard for the Navy Department to have to break away from it. The officers are treated like Americans. What is the matter with including the crew?

Some day the department will realize that enlisted men are also Americans and must be treated as such. Only stop to consider that a definite ideal of efficiency for a man-o'-war's man, such as in civil life there is, for instance, for a machinist, hasn't even begun to formulate itself. This lack of a working ideal comes from the navy being dominated by the young fellow with no intention at all to stick at the life.

For my part, I am fully convinced that the navy will be able to prepare itself for a real *man's* war only when the Navy Department makes the contentment of enlisted men a definite aim—as much as strong armor plate and accurate range finding. When it grows up to this, the navy will begin to be stiffened up by a respectable proportion of reenlistments.

A PERSONALLY CONDUCTED TOUR

DEAR BLANK—I have written a lot about the navy, but if you should come on a ship everything would seem as strange to you as if I hadn't written you a single word. The reason is that I take all the commonplaces for granted, and so pass up what are the real everyday things.

I will give you a personally conducted tour. I will explain everything to the child you are—when you are on a battle wagon.

Now, a ship's ladder is not a ladder—it is a flight of steep stairs; and on a ship the greater part of your time you spend on ladders. There are times when you are on a deck,

but please put your imagination through a going up and going down of ladders. That's one thing done; now go under a spell and let it be suggested to you that you are standing up and lying down—never sitting down—for four years, chairless and forlorn. Read books on certain forms of Oriental torture to get this idea well fixed in mind. What? Sit on the deck? Your uniform must be kept clean. When you are at a summer resort, watch nuns admonishing the small boy in the white ducks about sitting down on the dirty park bench.

WE PASS on. Now you want to take a wash. You go to get your bucket out of the wash-deck gear locker—some one has just walked off with it. You can steal somebody else's, can't you? You line up at Fresh-water Call if you are not called elsewhere at the fatal moment. The master-at-arms doles you out half a bucket of the priceless stuff—exactly half a bucket. He has a great eye for halves—line up with a thimble and you will get precisely a half a thimble full. Now with this half bucket of water you take your wash, peeling off your undershirt. If you don't peel off to the waistline you are a marine. Now, dirty or not, you must be a sailor, and soap and lather yourself until your hide comes off. The washroom is large enough to accommodate almost twelve men out of a crew of seven hundred, so you had better take your wash on deck—cold wind is healthy. Now you save up the water and wash a suit of whites in it, also an undershirt, a mattress cover, and a white hat, etc. Then you open your generous heart and give the water to some one who was out of luck at Fresh-water Call. You tie your washed clothes up on the line.

But I am leaving out everything. You have had to go down to your bag and dig out your soap and dirty clothes. You dig down into your bag for something forty times a day. A place for everything and everything in its place. The place is always the very bottom of your bag. The things you remove in your search you hang up on the deck, and you are lucky if you get them all back in your bag again. Remember, you are in the midst of a small army falling over you to do the same thing.

NOW it is getting fifteen minutes before dinner. You hear some sweet music upon the bugle, entitled "Spread Mess Gear." The word is passed, "Down tables!" The mess tables are hung up overhead, their legs folding up, the benches lying on top, legs also folding up. Well, the bugle is drowned out in a horrible clatter of getting down tables and spreading the mess gear. The mess cooks, one for each twenty men, dash up and down ladders with enamel-ware tureens to the galley for the grub, and dish everything out so that it will get good and cold before you get at it. At "Mess Gear," on the bugle, the master-at-arms has bawled out "Clear the deck!" and if it is cold weather you have gone up on the fo'castle to get up an appetite.

The coffee, made by a beautiful steam process, is held in five-gallon pots near the mess tables. The mess cooks shine up these pots for amusement between meals. "Mess cooks" don't work—they are middle men; they distribute the "chow." They also peel spuds, shine up the mess gear, carry up beef from the refrigerator, located several ladder miles from the galley. It is a fine job being a mess cook and fighting for "seconds" up in the galley with the ship's cooks. Wait a while and your imagination should detail you for this job for three months. During these three months you write home telling your folks what a seagoing old salt you are getting to be. And you get white as chalk staying between decks with the grease, scrubbing your tables and washing your dishes—you certainly get to be some sketch as a sailor.

I mustn't forget to endow your imagination with a ditty box. This is a small box which is to hold your shoe-shining gear, brush and comb, sewing outfit, tobacco, letters, writing materials, souvenirs of foreign





countries that you don't visit, and so forth and so on. This ditty box has a lock that will unlock if you don't set the box down gently; but you lost the key and had to force it open for good anyhow. So other strange people borrow your postage stamps and post cards. Sometimes your box itself may vanish utterly.

But it is getting too chilly where I am writing, and I must move somewhere else. Why a battleship needs a refrigerator is more than I can see. It is the middle of summer now. I sigh for Cuba.

ON A BATTLESHIP the living space of the crew is about as comfortable and cozy as a barn—a barn containing no hay—and so clean and bare that a tramp would be *just gone*. In stories of the sea I used to read, the description passes from the desolateness without to the warm, snug little cabins with their swinging lanterns, clouds of tobacco smoke, and old salts greeting the reader with a fine line of sailors' yarns. I am sorry I can't be as hospitable.

Our living space—the gun deck—is a flat steel box, all painted white inside. The gun ports insure a supply of fresh air, nice and cold. I tell you, on my word of honor, that people live here; you see nary a sign of human beings having passed any time here—not a piece of personal property. Everything is either stowed away or it goes overboard, to feed the fishes. You will find this a desolate place to pass an afternoon; this is our home for four years.

I am getting dull, so let me liven things up by cooping you up here while we get under way. First, you hear numerous rumors, most of them wrong, as to time of starting and destination. Who cares that the crew might be interested to know? We are children. The rumor becomes a certainty when you hear the word passed, "Lay below all the chain tierers!" Then later: "All hands up anchor!" You imagine the expression "all hands" has but two syllables. I assure you it has a dozen or more. Then quarters are sounded on a bugle; you fall in with your division. Each man belongs to a division in a certain part of the ship. I won't tell you how many times we fall into our quarters—it becomes automatic. We are soldiers, not sailors.

WELL, the order comes from the flagship to "heave short." This means to heave in the anchor chain until it tends up and down. Then, when the signal is made to get under way, the rest of the chain is heaved in; there is a lot of shouting to get the colors shifted to the gaff, the speed indicators are run up, the signal boys hoist flags and haul them down like crazy men, and everybody is excited. Finally we get the ship into position in column, and the game is to keep her there. The skipper throws fourteen fits over this terrible ordeal.

Now be very careful while the "old man" is on the bridge, and don't go on the fo'castle out of uniform. You take your life in your hands if you do.

And don't be afraid of getting seasick: the ship travels like a moving sidewalk most of the time. It goes over the rollers like a trained elephant over the prostrate trainer. We look at some sailing vessel that comes across our bow leaning to the wind as gracefully as a pretty girl, and we wonder what it is like to be a sailor. A battleship is as ugly as a dredge. If anyone speaks of a battleship as "she" he is away off on his genders. And all salt spray is carefully wiped off, so that all evidence of having been to sea will be destroyed.

NOW I will change the scene to nighttime—even a battleship will convey a hint of the romantic when its straight, awkward build is shaded over. At night the bridge is the only part of the ship that is alive. That is to say, except the firerooms. These have a delightful life that is all their own. Well, on the top side, the section of the crew that has the watch stow themselves away underneath the bridge, within reach. They sleep on anything, hard or soft, and if you walk over them they don't seem to mind it at all. Of course, the petty officers of the watch are awake and can rouse up the whole watch in a minute if anything turns up. In fact, the whole crew is easy to turn out. With bugles shrieking and a master-at-arms letting fly at the underside of our hammocks, we hit the deck with a snap. It is nothing to get the whole crew at their stations for fire quarters in the space of very few minutes.

But, oh, my! a battleship is the place to get a view of sleep and heaps of sprawling sleepers that a "wop" lodging house couldn't begin to equal. Hammocks swung close together, with various sections of the body protruding; and, what you probably don't know of, the decks covered with men who have flopped down without slinging a hammock. At hammock inspection some men should properly show a Sunday newspaper. The passageways down below are full of coal passers, black with coal dust, stretched out in the gangway, presenting their grimy faces to the tender mercies of your feet as you try to step over them.

I will let you see what it is like on the bridge when under way at night. The captain comes up when he is needed, but generally the command is in the hands of an ensign, the rank next higher to a midshipman. Then there is a quartermaster, two helmsmen, two lookouts, and three or four signal boys. The navigator is called when any light is sighted. Every half hour, when the bell is struck, the lookouts report the running lights burning bright. The ship ahead and the ship behind in the column show blotches of light and a darkling outline to keep our ship from getting lonesome. The light thrown back from the bridge shows up our stacks with the black smoke boiling out and the nests of small boats all shadows down on the top side.

Things are not very military on the bridge at night. One of the signal boys takes a bucket and goes down in the fireroom to make coffee. This is not made by any French-drip process. The door of a fire is swung open and the bucket pushed in against the hot coals; as it boils over, more water is thrown in—finest coffee in the world!

By the way, I suppose you never have eaten any "Mulligan." This is made by the fireroom chef every night. The recipe calls for canned Willie, spuds, onions, canned tomatoes, all mixed up together. A couple of shovels of hot coals thrown out on the deck of the fireroom make a fine stove. With pepper and salt and big slabs of bread, then red-hot coffee to wash it down—there is a feed to give a coal passer ambition to stand a long night watch in the bunkers.

As for the signal boys (from not doing deck work,

In a century or two from now people will look at pictures of our battleships and will jump to the conclusion that they were manned by a fierce breed of men. I know this fierce breed of men, and know that the peaceful scrubbing out of a suit of whites is not at all unbecoming to the character.

Suppose some old sea dog of fiction, like Lieutenant Bowline, should fall out of Roderick Random and land on one of our ships. He would drop dead at the sight of our crews of neat young men eating chocolates from the canteen and running the pianola.

THE SHIP'S BRIG

DEAR BLANK—I mustn't speak disrespectfully of the ship's brig. Maybe I might land in there myself to-morrow. I have seen a fellow get a meal ticket in this "Pie House" by laughing at the wrong time—his watch must have been wrong. You have got to mind your p's and q's and then some letters to steer clear of this "Rathskellar." Of course, when the skipper judges your case, you get a free display of quarter-deck eloquence, but the stormier the climax the more you get soaked, so I don't see where the fun comes in. When you are marched downstairs in the basement you get a hunk of bread with a cup of water for a chaser.

But nerve finds a way. Sometimes some shipmate gets a string of sausages and filibusters one end in the grating of your cell when the sentry is napping. You heave in on the chain. You go easy because the chain is only as strong as the weakest dog.

Or, maybe, you catch a whiff of the sweet perfume of a cigarette. You stealthily stretch your hand through the porthole, and there, dangling on some marlin, betwixt wind and water, is a real smoke all lit for yours truly. You give thanks for shipmates, and the world is yours. Only a sailor knows what it is to be without a "butt" and down in a dirty, lonesome hold of a brig.

When you get released it is several days before you dare turn your head around easily. You have a peculiar notion that a Jimmy Legs—I mean master-at-arms—is dogging your footsteps, watching every move you make. And as you emerge from below you show a stubby beard that scares you when you look in a glass.

Oh, no—not for me to speak disrespectfully of the brig. As the poet says, the descent is a cinch.

FLEET EVOLUTIONS

DEAR BLANK—I am going to break loose on the subject of fleet evolutions as I see them with my humble incomprehension. I have had the opportunity to look into the elaborate programs put out by the Navy Department for the careful guidance of ships taking part in these evolutions. And I see, with my eye full of motes, that to steer clear of hitches in the program, all details are made as precise as possible. Now this is just the trouble with these drills: In real war the unforeseen situation is the thing that ditches you or gives you your chance. To my mind,

every item of the drill schedule should be adjudged solely on its being provocative of predicaments of all kinds. How is an officer to develop capacity for command when his work is all cut and dried? I will tell you what I am in favor of, and that is a perpetual war game, twelve months in the year. I admit that certain limitations are necessary: crews must have liberty, etc. But under war conditions ships would have to be disabled for repairs from time to time, and so the docking of ships for certain intervals wouldn't spoil the game as a whole.

WITH a perpetual war game on, and the best possible Hoyle developed for such a game, the Navy Department would quick enough see who was who in the U. S. N., and could pluck and promote accordingly.

Maybe you don't think much of war games. Naturally, war games are evaluated in the light of war games that have been held. This won't do at all. It is safe to say that a good war game has never yet been played and won't be for some time to come. A set of rules must have time to grow. So far they haven't had a ghost of a chance to grow. Too many moves are prescribed beforehand. A game is no game at all unless each move discloses a situation to be acted upon by fresh judgment.

What a grand game this war game would become! The old stale routine a thing of the past, and the

(Concluded on page 27)



In the shadows of nighttime even a battleship will convey a hint of the romantic

they are sometimes referred to as the signal girls), they favor bread and jam for a night lunch. They are awful "scoffers" of sweet stuff, and coffee topers all of them. The cold wind helps. The officer of the deck doesn't kick—he gets a cup of signal-boy coffee and scoffs it like a signal boy.

At a quarter of twelve the midwatch has to be called. The boatswain's mate goes blowing his shrill pipe all over the ship, under the hammocks, and singing out for the section that is to come on watch; for instance, "All—the—second—section—on—deck! All—the—second—section!" If a fellow doesn't get up, the sea suddenly gets rough, and his hammock rolls and pitches until he "shows a Government sock." Then, at five minutes of twelve, all the petty officers sing out in a grand chorus, spaced with piping, to relieve the wheel and lookouts, and for all the lifeboat's crew to muster. This singsong always sounds comical.

THE one time that a bluejacket feels like a real sailor is when he rolls out of his hammock for a midwatch at night, and comes up on deck with a fierce cold wind blowing and has to go on a wheel or lookout watch. But we lay at anchor so much that this seagoing feeling doesn't get rubbed in very hard.

BY-PRODUCT CITIZENS

How Remedial Education Utilizes the Waste of the Public Schools

By LOUISE EBERLE



Science finds each child's exact defect

WERE you ever rewarded for infantile virtue by being allowed to sit by the table and watch the cook with her dough? First came the pies, each taking its big rounds of pastry, and when they were made there was a goodly heap of "trimmings" that looked to us only fit to play with for a while previous to being thrown out. But while we were hoping, an apple or two appeared, and the largest pieces of paste went to make dumplings. Then the still smaller pieces followed in tart pans, and finally, when but scraps were left that surely ought to have been ours, cook transformed them into cheese straws. None was wasted and none was "seconds," each piece finding the métier which it fitted, and becoming a useful and complete article.

A "BY-PRODUCT" FACTORY

THAT was indeed economic perfection, and economics in many products had been carried to this degree before it dawned on any working number of us that the product is worth little if the producing power is being lost, and that our economic waste in the matter of citizens is more formidable than all the other civic dangers we are guarding against put together. But now that such figures as scientific men can compile at this stage of the game show that probably one-third of all city school children are backward in their progress through their classes, three and a half per cent of all feeble-minded and one-half of one per cent idiots, several hundred American cities have concluded that it is time to get to work on the salvage of what is back of all future products—the producing mind power of the child men and women. Hence the classes for backward children maintained in the public schools of 207 of the cities, those for delinquents in 121 cities, for defectives in 94, for late-entering children in 75, for incorrigibles in 7, and for enough other varieties of "exceptional" children to bring the total of cities reporting some form of the work to 808.

It seems to be true that in most places the work is practically entirely in the hands of women. In New York City even the general supervisor is a woman—Miss Elizabeth Farrell, the first supervisor of such work to be appointed in the country. Miss Farrell calls the department her "by-product factory" because, with the single exception of the one-half of one per cent of the children who are idiots, and hence purely institutional cases, it deals with that thirty-three per cent that the public schools cannot utilize. Its ideal is not to shelter them, nor to shelter the community from them, but to turn them back into the community as citizens, each with a definite place and a definite ability to fill it, even when not conforming to the general public-school pattern.

We have three sorts of schools on this continent now. One is a heritage from the days when our grandfathers beat all school children as being the one universal cure for educational ills, and in it, though we have outgrown beatings, the dull, the backward, the "bad" are treated with penalties ranging all the way from extra tasks to expulsion. The second sort has perceived that the worst of the incorrigibles and laggards are socially and economically sick, and its ideal is to take them out of the race with the normal, let the community shoulder for them their share of responsibility, demand of them none of the progress expected of the average child,

but minister to their needs in the way of extracting all possible joy from life for them, and act as a deterrent in the inevitable downward tendency of such children. The third sort of school, swift on the heels of the second, brings the revelation that the taking up of such a sacrificial burden is not necessary, but that laggards, deficient and incorrigible alike, are suffering from a handicap—retardation—that penalization of any kind only increases, and that individual education, not beating, is the cure-all. Hence the classes for exceptional children bear the same relation to the old-style school that Moses's rod—leading, freeing, and saving from bondage—bore to the rod of the Egyptian task masters, that smote, broke, and drove to dire tasks.

ON THE TRAIL OF THE CAUSES

IN THE classes representing the newest concept of remedial education, for a child who cannot learn to write a trapeze may be prescribed, a beating never; or failing to read, left-handedness instead of staying in every night; for some dull in arithmetic, games indulged in right through school hours instead of extra tasks; or for the "bad," three square meals a day instead of expulsion. Enough to make the old-fashioned schoolmaster with his cat-o'-nine-tails think us lunatics. But, then, he did not know that a failure to learn to write may mean not mental laziness but a lack of coordination between brain and muscles, causing an inability to make thumb and forefinger touch each other at will, much less properly grasp a pen. Hence the course with trapeze and handlebars. Or a child may not be able to learn to read for the reason that the cerebral area that controls this is at fault on the motor side of his brain—the left side in a right-handed child. But there is no reason why the corresponding area on the right side may not be normal, so the attempt to switch the current to the possibly undamaged battery is made by teaching the right-handed child to use left hand and foot foremost, and the other way around with a left-handed child. As for the incorrigible, his badness may be as directly traceable to malnutrition as the explosion of a boiler to the inability of a weakened valve to withstand steam pressure.

Children enter the special classes of New York City on recommendation of the principal of the school in which they have been demonstrating their inability to assimilate education in the same form as the majority. When not in school they are sometimes found by social workers, census takers, or, in fact, any members of the community who are aware of the work going on and their own responsibility in the matter. The first step is the clinic examination, where Miss Farrell's assistants, the medical examiner and the mental expert, examine the child and report to her, the decision as to just what the child needs in the way of remedial education being with her. To the doctor first goes the young applicant with a card filled out by the school principal or whoever is making the report to the clinic. A card may say "abnormally dull, disobedient, slouches

be a boy who can take over his own life's burden. That's the way it works, whether the trouble be with eyes, ears, breathing apparatus, or any other part of the human machine. As for the wisdom and use of this course, that is demonstrated by the fact that the poor little muddled problem of life is sometimes straightened out right here, the tiny cog that was stopping the whole machine repaired, and the child returned to the community immediately without even entering the special classes.

Following the doctor's comes the mental expert's test. It is her task to find out just where the child is mentally. And she, as frequently as the doctor, may find that instead of a case of feeble-mindedness, there is before her a case of misunderstanding on the part of the community. Maybe the child, reported by his teacher as defective, is what we call "all there," but is so constituted that his mind cannot take in education in the unnatural way we give it to children—from abstract to concrete—but must have it in the natural way of going from concrete to abstract. Maybe he has been condemned on his inability to learn arithmetic. He will learn it now, but probably by means of building toy houses, boats, or real furniture, getting in the same amount of adding, subtracting, dividing, multiplying, and fractions that other boys learn from the pages of a book, but with the manifest advantage of deducing it from actual problems grappled with and overcome, and with an interest instead of a possible penalty pushing him on.

THE APPLICATION OF REMEDIES

AFTER getting at the physiological and mental reasons for a hitch there are still other things to be done before the child is expected to receive the full benefit of the special class, much less take again his place in the grades. What kind of a home has the boy or girl? is the next question asked by this department that never accepts a partial statement of a child's case. It is answered by the social workers who glean this side of the evidence. These frequently tell of surroundings and conditions that alone account for the fettering of the child's mind—privations, dirt, unspeakable discomfort, hunger, hideousness so great that it acts on the budding soul as shutting it up in a cellar would act on a plant. What can the public school do for that? Isn't the end of its tether reached there? Maybe so, but just where it does end we find one of the most beautiful phases of the work—cooperation. Miss Farrell tells me that there is no child in the exceptional classes who cannot have, free, the services of the greatest specialists; that nurses, sisterhoods, social workers, charities, settlements, all respond to calls for help as if the work were their own, and will so respond till the community awakens to the fact that the work belongs to it. And here, too, the problem of the child is sometimes completely solved when it is found that bad surroundings and insufficient nourishment alone are producing a condition that is beginning to make the world at large say: "He's different. Drop him from the running."

The house in order, repairs begun, and its maintenance provided for, the mental occupant now comes in for attention. The child is assigned to a special class, and there, in the words of Miss Farrell, school ceases to be a preparation for life, and *is* life. In other words, education is no longer conceived of as the thing learned, but is recognized as the mental facility and mastery gained by learning it. With this conception practically the same mastery of his own mind can be attained by the child who, for some obscure physiological reason, cannot learn to read as by the scholar, for in these schoolrooms study ceases to be academic, but becomes the interpretation of the happy, active, orderly life lived there—interpretation, the lack of

which loses to so many of us the value of our experiences. The classrooms in which this goes on look much more like places evolved by boys and girls for themselves under ideal conditions than like schoolrooms. Tools, tables, benches, games, growing plants, not a thing that cannot be moved at will, and not one of the usual desk seats that means holding a body still that demands action, and learning something arbitrary out of a book.

There is, of course, a fixed principle that bases everything done in these schoolrooms. It is this: that in building a foundation the stones must be laid on bottom, wherever that happens to be. In the ordinary



The teachers devise game after joyous game to teach the children to reason instinctively

in his seat, not promoted with his class in two years." "Let's look him over," says the doctor, and she finds a diseased spine. How could he sit straight and do the things he was told, or endure the unbelievable weariness that mental exertion is to those with bad backs? Let him go as he is going and he will soon really be a defective, for with that obstacle blocking the doorway not enough supplies can be got to his mind to keep it alive unless he is unusually strong mentally. But relieve the spine and there will soon

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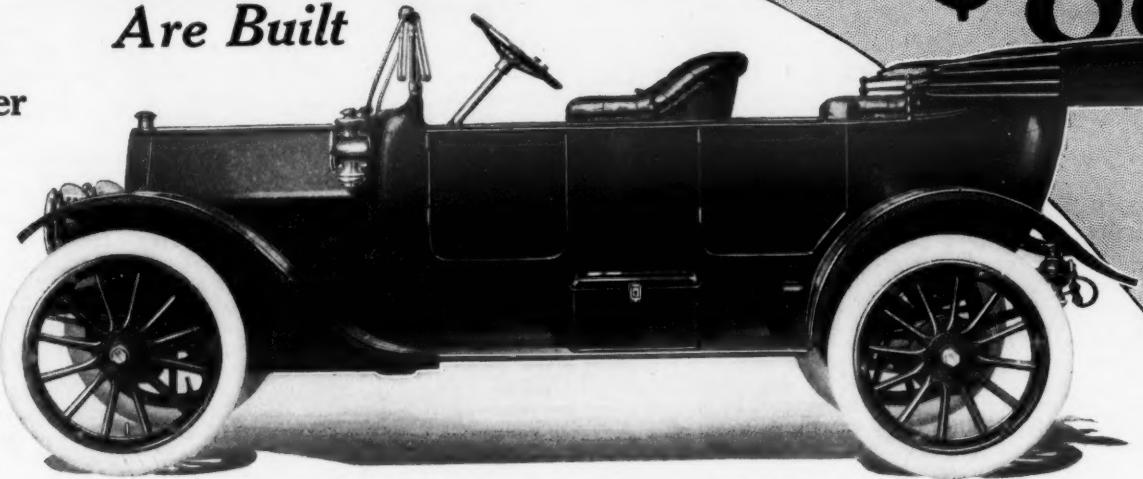
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**Studebaker
"25"**



Five-passenger, four cylinders, 3½ inch bore x 5 inch stroke, 102 inch wheelbase

Electric horn

Acetylene gas primer

Prest-O-Lite tank

Tire repair kit

Ventilating windshield

Silk mohair top

Studebaker Jiffy curtains

Deep cushions

Stewart & Clark Speedometer

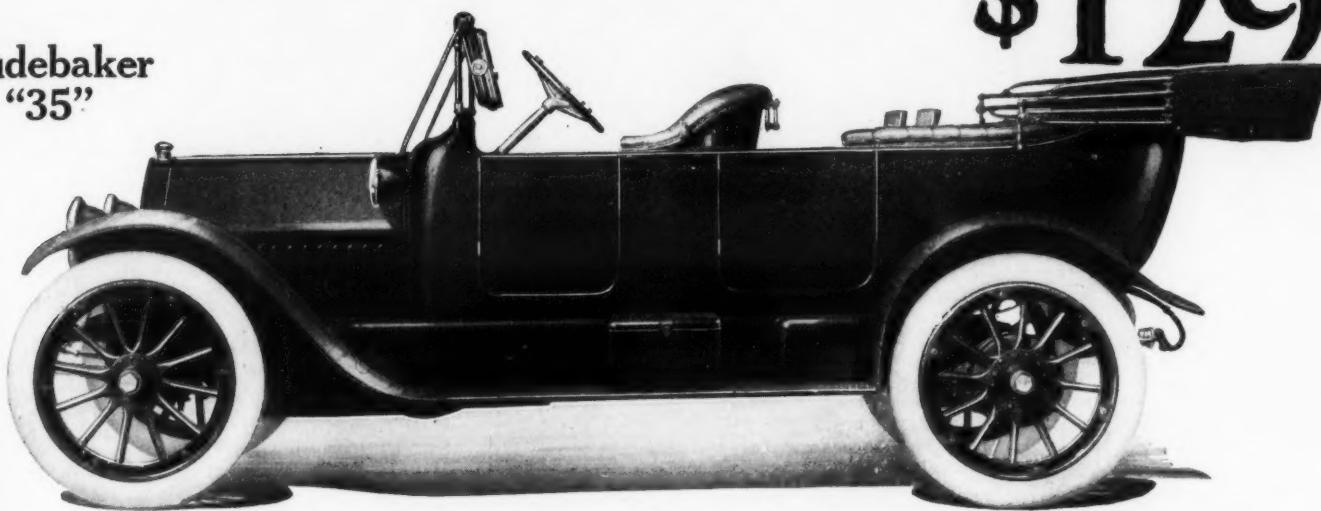
Full elliptic springs

Tool box

Full set of tools

\$1290

**Studebaker
"35"**



Six-passenger, four cylinders, 4½ inch bore x 5 inch stroke, 116 inch wheelbase

Electric self-starter

34 x 4 Goodrich tires

Detachable, demountable rims

Extra rim

Tire holders

Electric lights

Stewart & Clark Speedometer

Three-quarter elliptic springs

Full floating rear axle

Electric horn

Silk mohair top

Studebaker Jiffy curtains

Luxurious upholstery

Deep cushions

Clear-vision ventilating wind-

shield—rain vision type

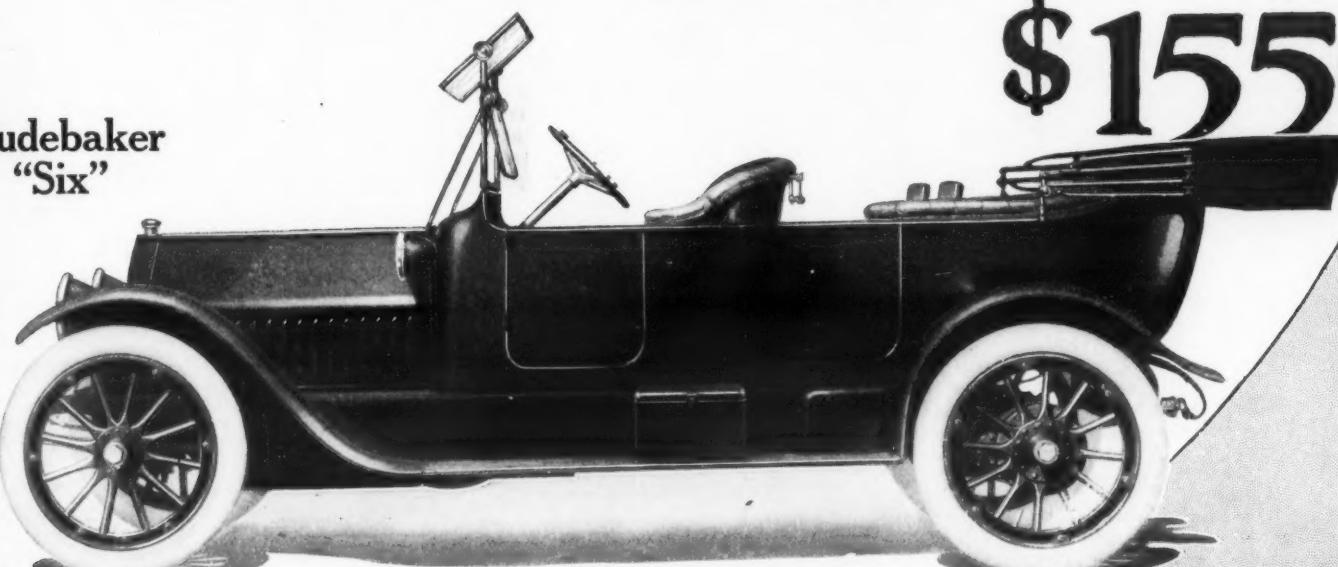
Crowned fenders

Wide tool box

Full set of tools

\$1550

**Studebaker
"Six"**



Six-passenger, six cylinders, 3½ inch bore x 5 inch stroke, 121 inch wheelbase

Electric self-starter

34 x 4 Goodrich tires

Detachable demountable rims

Extra rim

Tire holders

Electric lights

Stewart & Clark Speedometer

Three-quarter elliptic springs

Full floating rear axle

Electric horn

Silk mohair top

Studebaker Jiffy curtains

Luxurious upholstery

Deep cushions

Clear-vision ventilating wind-

shield—rain vision type

Crowned fenders

Special tool box

Full set of tools



The SIX RUBIES

By JUSTUS MILES FORMAN



Part Three

The Two Gentlemen of Cadenabbia

Illustrated by T. D. Skidmore

I DINED, on the evening of my arrival, well and pleasantly, to tolerable music, surrounded by the low frocks and dinner jackets with which England furnishes forth the continental hotel, my eyes, through the open window, upon the darkening lake and the far-off cheery lights of Bellagio. I felt a little like the soldier on the eve of battle. I felt a sense of suspended action—peace, rest, quiet. I looked about me with a mild interest. In all that well-dressed company of folk who spoke my tongue I had no expectation of finding a familiar countenance, and I found none, but it amused me to tag characters and even histories to the different faces near by. It is a good enough pastime.

There were men, young and old, who looked interesting, women and girls who were pretty and perhaps clever—one young woman, I remember, who was very beautiful and seemed both good and kind: she might long have remained in my thoughts but for another face that went always with me night and day and was not to be dispossessed.

I think, however, that I looked longest and with most interest upon a middle-aged gentleman who dined at a near-by table, alone, like myself. He was a melancholy-seeming gentleman with neat gray hair brushed straight back and a brown, lean face. Once I met his eyes and they were, I thought, kindly, though very sad. I liked him. I liked his air of being a little apart from the active world (though once no doubt a part of it); I liked the slightly unfashionable cut of his dinner jacket; I liked the gentle voice with which he spoke to his waiter, in excellent Italian of an indefinitely foreign cast. I wove a number of interesting stories about this melancholy gentleman, but he left the room presently, having finished his dinner, and I too, when I had drunk my coffee, went out to the quiet road that lies close before the hotel, skirting the water's edge, and strolled there smoking.

THE moonlight lay upon the still lake like liquid silver spilled upon ink. Close at hand magnolias and rhododendrons leaned toward me over the tops of garden walls, while cypresses stood black and mournful among them. The high mountains towered at either side—San Primo, Crocione, Galbiga. There was snow still upon the upper slope of San Primo and upon the Grigna—a vast glitter of it on the Engadine to the north; yet where I walked the night was as warm as midsummer, though it was May, and heavy with the fragrance of wistaria and of early roses and of honeysuckle. I heard faint notes of music from Bellagio, across the lake, and the ghostly tinkle of little bells on the fishing nets before San Giovanni.

So I strolled and smoked in great peace, and the melancholy middle-aged gentleman at the next table went out of my mind altogether.

He was recalled to it the next morning in an odd and somewhat ridiculous fashion. I found him in a rough stone path high up on the foothills over the Villa Carlotta, near Rogaro, cornered in an angle of the stone wall by a snake—a little gray viper about ten inches long. He was standing still and rigid and white, scarcely able to speak. I killed the snake, for vipers are dangerous, and after he had recovered from the nervous shock and from his embarrassment over it—men do not like to be found afraid by other men—we fell into conversation, and walked down to Cadenabbia together and had a glass of wine on the terrace of the simple little café near the bottom of the *salita*.

UPON acquaintance I liked this gray-haired gentleman still better. He was very courteous, as only old-fashioned people seem to me nowadays (I quote my Uncle Henry), and he had a kind of simple honesty of demeanor. Indeed, now that I mention my uncle's name, it occurs to me that in a faint, far-off fashion this Mr. Gregory (so he introduced himself) somewhat suggested him. I felt at the end of an hour as if I had known my new acquaintance a very long time indeed, and that must be, at least in part, my excuse for having gone to such a length in trusting him with my private affairs. For the rest I can only urge that I was one and twenty, and while perhaps less impulsive than most very young men, ill acquainted with the world.

shady terrace, smiting his hands together. Then he returned to his place across the little table, and I thought his quiet, melancholy face had taken on a new light of excitement. He said:

"I must apologize for being a bit slow. The matter wanted thought. I've known this—this cousin of yours for some time, and though I've had no reason to love him, still one doesn't give away even that kind of an acquaintance without careful consideration. Well, I've considered and I think you have a good case. I'll do what I can."

"I ask no more," said I, "than the name the man is known by and where he is to be found."

BUT my new friend shook his head.

"Then I can give you more than you ask, which doesn't often come to one in this world. Take what you can get and be thankful!" He lowered his voice a little.

"The man you want calls himself Graives—Edward Graives—and he has a little house in Griante up on the plateau just behind Cadenabbia here. He's a tall fair chap with a heavy mustache and blue eyes—walks bent a bit at the shoulders. You'll often see him down here by the lake with a surly-looking dog at his heels."

"I encountered such a fellow last evening after dinner," said I. "A tall fair man in an old brown Norfolk jacket. His dog growled at me, and I shifted my stick because I thought he meant to snap. The man saw me do it and was thoroughly unpleasant. I came near to punching his head."

"It's a good thing you didn't. He'd have given you a bad time of it—he and his cur. And besides, it would have made your job more difficult later on."

It seemed to me that I might easily have begun worse with Cousin Michael than by a wholesome thrashing, but I didn't say so. I waited for further counsel.

"I have heard," said my friend, "that Graives wants to let his house for the summer. If so the Lariana office—the steamboat agency—will know about it. The head man there is a kind of informal house agent in addition to his other duties. Ask the concierge at the hotel who the local house agent is. He'll direct you to the Lariana place, and there they'll get you into communication with Graives. Then you can look the house over and get an idea of where the hiding places are apt to be. You'll have to steal the ruby, you know. You can't bully or frighten it out of the man. He's not to be frightened. You'll have to slip in when he's away and steal it. After all it's your own. It was stolen from you."

"I'd rather take it by force," said I. "I don't much care for sneak-thieving."

But Gregory shook his head with a smile.

"I tell you again the fellow is not to be frightened. He's an ugly chap. Even if by some miracle of good fortune you got the ruby into your possession he'd call in the law to help him and you'd have to prove the thing was yours, which I gather would be difficult. Graives is no sportsman. He's a tooth-and-nail fighter."

IT WAS sound advice, that. I knew it even while I was protesting, and presently said so with thanks. We talked a little longer chiefly of ways and means, and then I went off to consult the concierge of the Bellevue.

He directed me to the Lariana agency as I had expected. I might of course have gone there straight, but it seemed better to leave a commonplace trail behind me in case Cousin Michael—or Graives as he chose for unknown reasons to call himself—should ask questions. At the agency they had several houses, great or small, to offer me, but when I said I should like something on high ground and well away from the noise of the water front they at once spoke of the little Casa Graives and said they would make an appointment for me with the padrone. They sent a boy to inquire, and the word came to me as I sat at luncheon that Signor Graives would call for me at ten o'clock the next morning and take me to see his house.

So far so good. I rowed myself up and down the lake that afternoon, possessing my soul with what patience I might, and, in the evening, dined in company with Mr. Gregory.

I had begun to realize, with time for reflection, what



I wished there were really to be battle, not a mere slipping into an undefended house like a thief

a preposterous thing it was I had asked of him—to act as a kind of private unpaid detective—to betray a fellow being, an acquaintance, to a stranger. And I tried to express something like my feeling of combined remorse and gratitude, but he checked me.

"I may as well confess that there's a bit of selfishness in any service I may have been able to render you. This fellow Graives did me a bad turn once. I shan't be sorry to see him suffer. Let's say no more about it!"

SO WE didn't, just then, but talked of a hundred other things—good talk, for my friend had been in many parts of the world and had known many people and could tell about them. I felt drawn to him more and more as the evening went on, and as I look back upon him now he remains to me almost incomparable among the men I have known for interest, for kindness, for magnetism, for a sort of almost womanlike sweetness; yet with all these for strength, too. I think there must be very few men like him. He reminded me more and more of my Uncle Henry, and once I told him so, adding that my uncle had been, since I was left alone in the world, a kind of second father to me. He seemed pleased.

Before we parted at bedtime I got from him one more very valuable piece of information. I asked him if he had ever heard Michael Gaunt—or Graives—speak of the Gaunt ruby, and he said:

"No, never. But I can tell you this: He has something that he values as his life shut up in an odd little red lacquer box about four inches long. I saw it once before he and I had a kind of final break some weeks back. Whatever is in the little box rattles, I know, and I know that it is very precious to him. As to where he keeps it hidden I have, of course, no idea. That's your job."

I nodded and laughed in great excitement, for my heart beat high. There could be small doubt that the little red lacquer box contained the Gaunt ruby. I saw it before my eyes as I went to bed that night, and indeed so full were my thoughts of the thing, I dreamed of it; but the dream was a bad one.

The man who called himself Graives turned up the next morning at the appointed hour and he was the same dour, surly fellow whose head I had so longed to punch on the evening of my arrival. I wondered if he would recognize me, but if he did he gave no evidence of it, though his dog growled once more.

WE CLIMBED together, saying very little, up the narrow stony *salita* which mounts from beside the Bellevue between garden walls to the plateau upon which lies Griante the "paese" of Cadenabbia, and there, after a turn to the left, reached the house which stood alone with a group of cypresses beside it, something like a quarter of a mile from the village. It was a small house of three floors with a vaulted loggia in the middle story and a big nail-studded porte-cochère opening under the structure upon a paved yard and stable behind.

By a door under the arch of the porte-cochère we mounted to the first and only living floor, for the ground story was made up of kitchen, washhouse, and the like and the top was a mere attic used for storage purposes.

It was an extremely attractive and even beautiful little abode, and if I had been looking in earnest for a house I could have hoped to find nothing better. There was a small dining room at one end, whose windows looked upon a tiny square of rose garden, and, opening from a long gallery, a square salone, two bedrooms, and a modern bath, all (save the bath) furnished in old Italian carved oak or walnut of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and all with a superb view out across the lake to the mountains both near and far.

I was astonished to find this extraordinary combination of home and museum in the hands of a rough churl like my host, but I learned that he had bought it, as it stood, from a young American gentleman of a quite different type who had spent years of wise and loving care in the collection of the treasures I saw and then had been called away to his own country. The man who was known as Graives looked about the

beautiful little rooms with a dull eye. He didn't "take much stock in antique rubbish" he told me, but the place was comfortable enough and his cook, Gina, was a good cook. He paid her twenty-five lire a month.

He led me from room to room, showing me the linen, the silver, the clothespress, the water heater for the bath—a dozen details of management, and we came to the salone.

"I'll leave you," he said, "everything here: everything you want, at least. If there's too much stuff about, Luigi can stick it away in the attic. I'll just clear out the drawers of the writing desk, for there's a lot of my papers and things in it. In fact," said he with one of his harsh, abrupt laughs, "in fact, my fortune's there."

I looked at the desk, which was a magnificent piece of sixteenth-century work in oak with gilded iron fittings, though most of the gold was gone. It had a drop front which, when let down, exposed a number of little drawers, and there were larger drawers beneath.

"That's a very fine thing," said I, admiring it, and he

or two whether or not I would take the house, and I remember that, feeling rather sure of me, he made grotesque efforts to appear genial and hearty.

Then at last I escaped and went down the hill.

GREGORY, whom I found below, was as excited as over what I had seen, and asked me many particulars. How big was the little box and of what shape? Had Graives seen me look at it? Was I sure he hadn't? Did he seem easy in his mind afterward or was he still nervous and troubled?

I answered as best I could and, from that, we fell to talking about how and when I should return to the hilltop and recover my own.

"Graives," my friend said, "always used to take a long tramp with his dog about ten o'clock, returning not much before noon. As he is a methodical man he probably still sticks to the old habit, and so the morning between ten and twelve would be your best time. You might conceal yourself somewhere near by and see him well away before you go in. And you must find an excuse to give his boy Luigi for entering. The rest, unless he has changed the hiding place of the ruby, should be as simple as eating."

I thought so too, and wished I could start off at once to put these excellent ideas into action, for waiting, while it may be simple enough, is the most difficult endurance feat in all the world. I looked ahead at the twenty-four hours before me and they seemed an endless vista like time in a bad dream or lesson hours to a child.

And yet somehow they passed and I lay perdu under a mulberry tree beside a garden wall and watched the porte-cochère of the little house on the hill. It was, I well remember, a bright warm day that threatened to be hot by noon. Somewhere near me acacias were in flower, for the air was heavy with their fragrance. I can smell it now. In my coat pocket was a little automatic pistol, in my heart a thrill of keen excitement and something like the joy of battle. I wished there were really to be battle, not a mere slipping into an undefended house like a common thief.

STILL, as Gregory said, the ruby was my own and to recover it was no theft. My friend was awaiting me at that moment down on the terrace of the Café Grandi. He was leaving the lake for a few days and had meant to take an early boat, but he couldn't go, he said, until he had seen me successful in my adventure and had offered his congratulations.

I began to be restless under the shelter of my mulberry tree, for it was well past ten o'clock. Then at last, when I had nearly given up hope, the porte-cochère of Graives's house opened and its master came out, followed by his surly dog. They turned up the *salita* that bends away from Griante toward Rogaro and the valley beyond, and were soon out of sight, walking at a good pace. I gave them the longest twenty minutes ever endured by man and left my hiding place.

At the stair under the arch I explained to the boy Luigi that I had been asked to call at this hour upon his master. He was politely desolated that the padrone should have stepped out, and without the slightest suggestion from me invited me to go upstairs and wait. He showed me into the salone, brought out cigarettes, offered me wine or water, and pulled a cane chair out into the loggia where there was a cool breeze. Then he went away and I heard him singing about some work in the courtyard below.

I went to the writing desk and pulled down the front. Gregory had spoken the truth, it was all as simple as eating. I remembered perfectly just what combination of simultaneously drawn drawers and opened pigeon-hole had sprung that blind panel on the previous day. I did with rapid care just what Graives had done by accident; the secret drawer slid open, and the little red lacquer box lay under my eyes.

My heart gave a great leap and I know that my tongue was dry and that I trembled.

My friend Gregory had said:

"You'll find the box locked, I fancy. It was locked when I saw it. And I dare say Graives keeps the key on his watch chain, but you can force the lock when you get it home."

IT WAS true. The box was locked and no key was to be found. But I was not disturbed. I shook it, heard the rattle of what was within, and laughed aloud. Then I sat down and wrote a little note:

"DEAR COUSIN MICHAEL—I find I shall not require your house, but the ruby that your father stole from Gaunt House I take back again. I have come a long distance to relieve you of it."

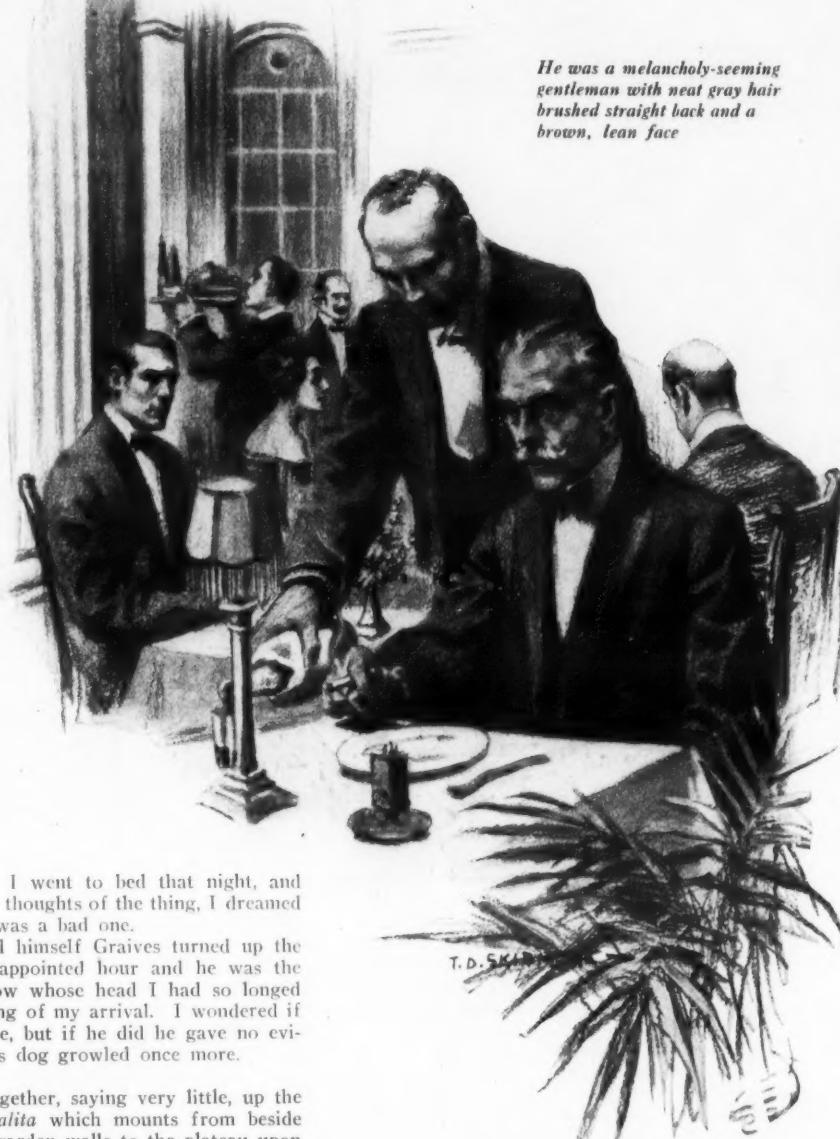
And I signed my own name, "Peter Gaunt," though he had known me as "Howard."

This note I set up within the open secret drawer and went downstairs, where I told the boy Luigi that I regretted being unable to wait for his padrone. He regretted it too with a wealth of language. I tipped him and left him bowing and smiling under the porte-cochère.

Down by the lakeside on the terrace of the Grandi I found my friend Gregory, looking pale and anxious.

"You were a long, long time," he said almost querulously. "I was alarmed for you. I thought of all kinds of horrors. Did you—"

I held up the little red lacquer box and he dropped



replied with some indifference that doubtless it was to those who cared for antique furniture.

"There's plenty of space for paper and pens and the like, anyhow." He pulled open some of the little drawers, two on each side, and laid his hand on the door of a pigeonhole in the middle. But as he pulled the knob a blind panel below the pigeonhole slid forward and showed another drawer—a secret one.

Graives said: "The devil!" under his breath and shoved the thing to with a bang. He glanced quickly up at my face but not quickly enough, for I was looking toward an old piece of green and gold brocade that hung on the wall. My heart was beating like a motor engine and my hands tingled and prickled in my pockets, but I hope and believe my face was calm.

In the secret drawer behind that blind panel I had seen the little red lacquer box about four inches long.

FOR one wild instant I thought of attacking him where he stood, beating him to the floor, and with the lacquer box in my pocket making a dash for safety; but I remembered Gregory's warning and stood fast.

I have but the vaguest recollection of the remaining ten minutes I spent in the little house on the hill. They passed for me in a kind of dream. I believe we talked of terms and the like and I dare say I said the proper things. I am not sure. But presently, I know, we were out of doors again and parting at the turn of the path. I believe I was to let the man know within a day

back into his chair with a sound almost like a sob of relief. I said:

"I must ask the waiter for a strong knife or something of the sort to force the box open."

But my friend shook his head at me.

"Better do that alone in your own room! There are eyes in the very air here—and especially in the windows and doorway beside you."

HE FINGERED the little box which lay on the table between us, and bent his head over it.

"It's the same. It's the one I saw before. We've done him, between us, you and I! And I thank God for it." His voice had so fierce and exultant a ring that I began to wonder a little, but not much, what could be the score between these two men that Gregory had so frankly alluded to. Well, it was paid now, as well as my bigger score, and I too thanked God for it.

Gregory raised his head with a sudden movement.

"Hello! what are those chaps wrangling about down by the water? It sounds like a real fight."

I had heard no more than the usual quantity of vivacious sound from the two men repairing some stone work by the water's edge, but I rose and stepped out to the middle of the road to look. I saw only a couple of peaceful though vociferous Italians differing amicably about a measurement. Beside the pontile a trim motor boat was lying ready to start with a couple of Gladstone bags in the bow and the engineer in his cockpit. Outside, another launch was describing slow, idle circles like a wheeling gull.

"It's nothing," I said, returning. "They seem to be right enough." And Gregory shook his head at me, laughing.

"Is it your habit to leave recently recovered treasure lying about on café tables? I might have bolted with this while your back was turned. Put it in your pocket, lad, or else go to your room and open it!"

I LAUGHED, too, a little ruefully, and slipped the lacquer box into my pocket. And then Gregory said he must be off.

"I've a motor boat waiting for me here at the upper pontile—a good little craft that a friend of mine often puts at my disposal. It'll have me down the lake to Como in half the time the steamer takes."

He wrung my hand, smiling his sweet and kindly smile upon me.

He looked very like indeed to my Uncle Henry just then.

"Good-by! And good luck go with you always. I dare say we shall meet again somewhere. The world is round. Oh!—I left a little parcel with the concierge for you. Ask if he isn't prompt about it!"

He waved his hand to me, ran down the steps beside the pontile, and presently I heard the motor boat's engine start and saw her back out in a semicircle to head down the lake toward Como.

I should have watched further but that I heard running feet and saw the man called Graives turn the corner of the hotel out of the *salita* which descends there from Griante. He was red with rage or exertion or both, and lacked a hat. He saw me, shouted, and made for where I was. I sat down again behind my little iron table.

"Where is it?" cried the man hoarsely, facing me across the table. "Where's my red box, and what in God's name do you mean by this scrawl?"

He banged my note down before me and stood panting, his hands on the table's edge, his mouth twitching. I saw the veins blue and swollen on his forehead, and his little, mean, pale eyes were like ice in winter. I said:

"Your red box is in my pocket, Cousin Michael, but in another pocket, with my finger on the trigger, there's an automatic pistol and it's pointing straight at you. Sit down! You'll be attracting attention presently."

He seemed to control himself with a very great effort, and sat down in the chair lately occupied by my friend Gregory.

"You've some property of mine in your pocket," said he, "and I mean to have it back; but since it has gone no farther there can't have been much harm done. Anyhow, that can wait. Why do you call me 'Cousin Michael' and what do you mean by what you say about a ruby? My name is not Michael. I have no cousins, and I never possessed a ruby."

I felt a very, very little dizzy and sick—a sensation, I should think, rather like the first faint qualms of seasickness. But I drove it back with an angry laugh.

"Rubbish! What's the good of shamming? Come, Michael, you're done—fairly done. I have the ruby in

my pocket and you'll never get it back again. Don't play-act!"

The red swept up across the man's face and his breath came hard, but he kept his temper.

"I'm neither shamming nor play-acting, but as for you—By Jove! Here, wait a bit!" He half rose to his feet.

"You signed your name 'Peter Gaunt,' and you call me 'Cousin Michael.' Michael Gaunt. By Jove, Michael Gaunt! Look here! Who told you my name was Michael Gaunt?"

I stared up at him, but I could not speak. He beat upon the table top with his fists.

"Was it a middle-aged chap with smooth gray hair? A chap who dines at the Bellevue, and calls himself Gregory?"

He sprang to his feet with a sudden cry.

"You fool! You gull! You blazing idiot! You miserable cat's-paw! That's Michael Gaunt himself!"

I saw the beautiful summer world like a kaleidoscope and I think my teeth chattered. I seem to remember stammering again and again.

lacquer is different." His little cold eyes blazed at me like a madman's.

"Speak up, you d—cat's-paw, and tell me what you've done with my box! Speak up before I tear you to pieces!"

"This is your box," said I drearily. "I took it out of the secret drawer where I'd seen it yesterday. I brought it straight down here. I haven't lost sight of it for an instant—that is—I mean—once—"

I THOUGHT of that moment when Gregory (or my Cousin Michael) had drawn my attention to the two workingmen and my back had been for a moment turned to him. I told Graives about it.

"Could Gregory have had a duplicate box and substituted it? He was here with me just now and my attention was called away for a few seconds."

The man groaned. "Of course he could. My box was his, originally. Sometimes they come in sets."

He took his head once more between his hands.

"Where is he now?"

"Gone!" I said. "Gone!" I rose and pointed down the lake where the motor boat was by now halfway to the Punta Balbianello; a tiny black insect speeding to safety.

Graives uttered a dreadful cry and ran to the outer edge of the road. I watched him dully, a fierce and grotesque figure of despair. Then he did an extraordinary thing. The other motor boat which I had seen earlier was still circling about like a gull in aimless leisure. Graives ran out on the deserted pontile, waving his arms and screaming. He may have known the man in the boat, I cannot say. In any case, he screamed to him and the boat swerved a little from its course, running nearer. Graives leaped into the water with a prodigious splash, and I saw his hands on the boat's gunwale, saw him clamber in, hatless and dripping. I saw what seemed to be a kind of struggle between the two figures in the cockpit, or it may have been only Graives waving his arms. The motor boat had slowed down, but it began to gather way again. The two figures were bent over the machinery. It swept out upon the lake in a great soaring curve and turned toward the southwest, toward the Punta Balbianello and that other fleeing speck upon the still waters.

The broken lacquer box was under my feet on the gravel. I kicked it away and went across the road to watch that

wild and furious pursuit. I watched it until my Cousin Michael Gaunt's boat had turned the point and was out of sight. The pursuer was more than half a mile behind, but it seemed to me a faster boat and I wondered how the chase would end. But I didn't care much. A blackmailer pursuing a trickster. There seemed to me little to choose between them.

Still I watched until the second motor boat had doubled the Punta Balbianello, and sighed and turned away. In the hotel the concierge stopped me as I was going to the lift, and said Signor Gregory had left a parcel. I had forgotten it. I took the thing, a flat box such as might have contained notepaper or the like, under my arm, and went to my room, where I stood for some time gazing out of a window with eyes that saw nothing.

"Fool—gull—idiot—cat's-paw." Hard names, but they were all true. I thought of the sad and kindly face of the man who had so easily hoodwinked and made use of me, and I could summon up no rage against him. My rage was all against myself. I had been a fool and I had failed in my adventure. It was all to do over again.

I turned drearily to Cousin Michael's parcel and opened it, wondering what new mockery it might contain. I think I came near to my death of heart failure, for, wrapped in many thicknesses of tissue paper, it contained the object and prize of my long journey. The ruby was there. I even knew which of the six it was—the middle one of the sinister side. And there was a brief note as well.

"Forgive me, dear Peter! It was my only chance of escape from the hands of a blackmailing scoundrel. And a woman's chance, too. Remember always that you have saved a woman from peril and that will make the thing easier to bear. I inclose the ruby which my ruffian of a father sent me. So your journey and your pains haven't gone for nothing."

"I liked you, Peter. I wish we might meet again, but I suppose we shan't, though the world is round. In any case, God bless you!"

"Your grateful cousin, MICHAEL GAUNT."

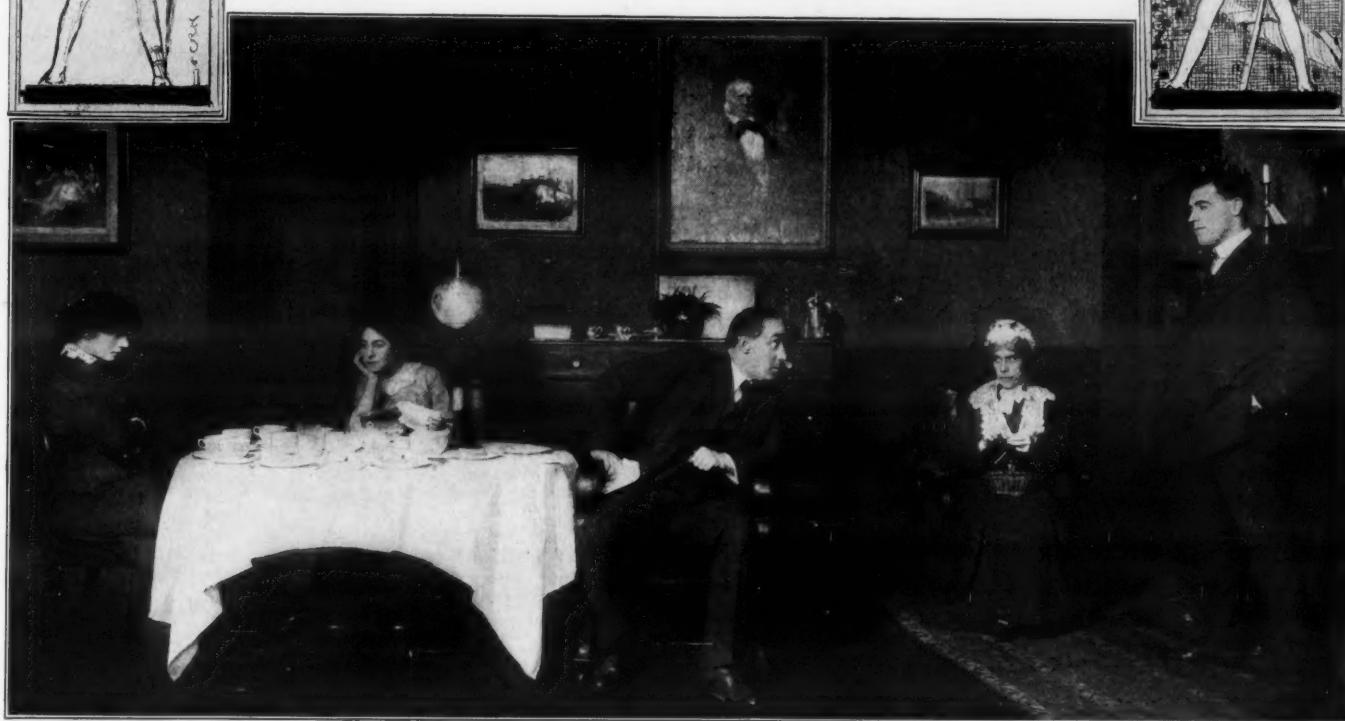
"I will open the box," said I heavily.
"I will open it here before your eyes and prove you wrong."



"RUTHERFORD & SON"

A Valuable Dramatic Importation from England

BY STUART BENSON



THE average man resents coming out of a theatre with the feeling of depression upon him and likely to be upon him until he goes to bed. Therefore "Rutherford & Son" is not for the average man. But for him who cares to be made to think, there is much in Githa Sowerby's play. To be sure, it answers no question. Nor does it point a moral. But it starts a train of thought and makes you feel the grimness of life as life often is, yet should never be—the pitiless cruelty of single-minded ambition.

Surely there are enough people in almost any city who can appreciate strength of presentation and fine acting to give such a play a comfortable run. It is safe to say that they will mighty fill the 299 seats in Winthrop Ames's Little Theatre in New York for some time to come. The simple staging of the one scene that answers for the three acts has done much to help Miss Sowerby make you shiver under the bleakness of that north of England country, and to aid the splendid company of actors in holding you aghast over the brutally rugged north of England character.

"If ye're lookin' for the summer in the middle o' winter, ye'll no be findin' it," sounds like a comedy line, but spoken in a metallic voice to the newcomer in the family, the work-girl wife of the scapegrace son, it goes deeper than comedy. It epitomizes the atmosphere that she has come into, the atmosphere of "Rutherfords," the furnaces, the "business" that is put before all else. On the wall an austere portrait of the first Rutherford gives a touch of veracity to the vibrating personality of the living man, John Rutherford, self-made, ruthless, sacrificing his family for his business, yet in a way not knowing of the sacrifice. That he has tried to make gentlemen of his sons is no reason he should not browbeat them. Having fed and clothed his daughter Janet, he is blind to the fact that he has starved her heart. "There's food and warmth," she says, "but it's like a prison," and when she likens her life to that of the servant, she is told: "Susan's paid for it. Who ever gave you a farthing?"



Janet

Poor Janet, thirty-five before she had a man, and then only in clandestine meetings—fatal meetings that separate her father from his right hand, Martin, the ever loyal! Over her is the sinister shadow of "Rutherfords," as it is over young John and Richard, and over all the others, even over Rutherford himself.

As each of his children disappoints him, this iron man exclaims, in effect: "How can ye act so? How could ye do it? After all I've done for ye?" And, each in his different way, his children tell him what he has not done and leave him alone with the mother of his grandson. Over this babe alone does the shadow of "Rutherfords" fall softly as in a vague promise for the future.

It is a joy to see a well-trained English company stich as this. The whole play is admirably done, especially by Norman McKinnel as John Rutherford and by Edythe Olive as Janet. That is a truly big piece of acting as Rutherford restrains his rage while he wheedles John's receipt out of Martin and then loses it in a veritable torrent on Janet.

It's Janet you think of at the last, gone off with her shawl over her head to—what?

The top picture shows the head of the house dispensing discipline



John Rutherford
shows his
power over
Martin

THE LAST HOMESTEADS

By
JOANNA GLEED STRANGE

The belle of the Rosebud



THE period in American history which comprises the conquest of the wilderness approaches its close with the opening up of the last Government lands for settlement. In April, 1912, three thousand farms were opened to homesteaders on Indian land in Bennett and Mellette Counties in South Dakota. The October before, fifty-two thousand people registered for chances on these farms, and those drawing lucky numbers had the opportunity in the spring of picking out sites for homesteads.

The farms are scattered among those of the Indians, for these counties are in the Rosebud and Pine Ridge Indian Reservations. The prices paid to the Government range from 50 cents to \$6 per acre, and the land is so valuable for farming and grazing purposes that those who locate themselves here and stay the allotted time will have farms of 160 acres each, ranging in value from \$2,500 to as high as \$10,000 by the time their titles are clear.

It is no wonder, then, that the little town of White River, one year old last spring, situated in the center of Mellette County, has been a busy and wide-awake place since early last spring. Here by the middle of April the selection of land began and continued until the last of May. The woman who drew No. 1 in the fall had first choice of all the land which was open. The man who got No. 2 had second choice, and the rest followed in order. Fifty numbers were called each day during the first week, and after that one hundred numbers a day until four thousand numbers were called and the three thousand farms were taken.

The experience of former land openings shows that about one-third of those qualified to select land drop out, pushing the other numbers ahead and leaving places at the end of the line for others. Those who are withdrawing now are people for the most part who registered in 1911 "just to see what would happen," with no intention of homesteading. Some few "landed" in White River several days before the drawing, when the little town was drenched with the worst rain of the season, and the prospects were so disheartening, with no sunlight to touch off the glorious country, that they left before the drawing commenced.

THESE people were shortsighted if they wanted farms, for good Government land is very scarce, and so valuable is this Dakota land and so ardent were the people to secure numbers that they came from practically every State in the Union to register. Four registration places were opened October 2, 1911, in South Dakota—one at Rapid City, one at Chamberlain, one at Dallas, and another at Gregory—and for each of these three thousand claims there were seventeen people registered. South Dakota, of course, had the greatest number of registrations, and the near-by States, such as Iowa, Nebraska, Colorado, Minnesota, Oklahoma, Kansas, and Arkansas, were represented by big delegations, but people also registered and drew numbers from West Virginia, Pennsylvania, Washington, California, New York, Montana, New Jersey, Texas, and even Honolulu. The registration lasted three weeks, and then the names on cards, enclosed in sealed envelopes, were all collected at Gregory, put into a large receptacle, mixed up with a pitchfork, and the preliminary drawing began.

The first name that was taken out was that of Mrs. Mary J. Kendall of Rapid City, and it is a satisfaction

to know that the right thing reached the right person when Mrs. Kendall drew No. 1, for her husband has been an invalid for years, and Mrs. Kendall has had a struggle to support her family. She, of course, had the first choice of the land at the drawing, and she chose a quarter section in the southeastern part of Mellette County, seventeen miles from the little town of Wood, which as yet is so new it will not be found on any but the new county maps. In a few months the railroad will pass near by, and by the time she has "proved up" on her claim, which means that she has lived on it for at least fourteen months and has made the improvements required by the Government, her farm will be worth a good sum even if she desires to sell it as soon as the title is hers.

IN OPENING these two counties the Government first surveyed the land and divided it into sections and quarter sections. To every Indian at the head of a family there was allotted a half section of land, and to every Indian child a quarter section. The Indians were given the first choice and have the best land, but a great deal of the land which was left is first class. Values were placed on each tract and maps were distributed showing this survey, together with the lands taken out for school purposes.

Many of the people go over the land before they file, and make their own selections without help. Those who are unfamiliar with the South Dakota country find it more satisfactory to leave their selections to locators whose business it is to know the land and who, for a fee of from ten to twenty-five dollars, select as nearly as possible the kind of farms best suited to the needs of their clients. Of course there are all kinds of locators, some of them honest and others grafters, but the legitimate firms have men working for them who know every inch of the ground and can give valuable advice to homesteaders.

The best of the land is in Mellette County, the Bennett County land being mostly grazing land at a distance from any town. White River, the county seat of Mellette County, is situated on a beautiful level plateau overlooking the Little White River and surrounded by wonderfully rich territory of farm land. It is the trading point for nearly all the Indians in the central and western parts of Todd and Mellette Counties, and it is also the point to which the railroad will doubtless come within the year. At present it is reached by stage or automobile, thirty-two miles from Murdo Mackenzie on the north and sixty miles from Winner on the southeast.

During the choosing of the land this little town, so new that the paint was scarcely dry on its first buildings, accommodated a thousand people in a space hardly adequate for two hundred. People came and went each day. Some of them located as soon as they had chosen their land, started out with their goods and building materials which they had brought with them, built their sod or wooden houses, and began life as homesteaders. Others went back home to come out again later, for Uncle Sam gives each homesteader six months before he must be on his land. But during all this coming and going, in spite of the lack of accommodations everywhere, there never was a better natured nor a happier crowd than the one at White River. Everyone knew everyone else with the true pioneer spirit, and such introductions as these were heard on every side dozens of times a day:

"Got a number?"
"When do you file?"
"Well, I hope you'll have good luck."
"Perhaps we'll be neighbors. Let me see now, where are you from?"
"Oh, yes; well, my name is," etc.

The town was surveyed about two years ago and the first few houses built in July, 1911, but it grew to its present size within a few months. To those of us who came out from the East, where towns are nothing if not a hundred to a hundred and fifty years old, this building of a town overnight fairly took our breath away. When the filing began, White River boasted a dozen locators' offices, half a dozen hotels and boarding houses, three stores selling general merchandise, a schoolhouse, a drug store, a livery barn, and a moving-picture show, and it had grown to this extent in one short month. Before the filing was half over, the number of stores had been doubled

One of the homesteader's friendly neighbors



Houses were popping up on every side. As one woman said, "It is nothing to go to my door at supper time and find that two new neighbors have settled in my vicinity since noon," so fast did things progress. Soon a telephone line was through and telegraph connections made. With mail each day by stage from three directions, White River found itself a real town, with the hustle and bustle and liveliness characteristic of every new Western settlement.

SO THE country is being settled; and such country as it is! Rolling, treeless prairies, with lights and shades constantly varying on their green-brown surfaces; many deep ravines; springs and creeks with some timber along the banks; sunshine and an expanse of blue sky quite unknown anywhere but in prairie countries and in mid-ocean. Parts of it comprise the Bad Lands, which make up for their lack of fertility by their wonderful picturesqueness. There are buttes, rough white clay buttes, rising to good heights in the most grotesque shapes—pyramids and columns, cones and jagged peaks—looking in the distance like the sky line of some Eastern city, without the cloud of smoke above them which the cities have. The air is like wine, and everyone who has arrived is enthusiastic over the country. The winters are cold, but it is a dry cold, less penetrating than the higher temperatures farther east. The summers are hot in the daytime, but there is always a breeze and the nights are cool.

Of course when one comes to a new country one expects to put up with many disadvantages. Modern conveniences are few, and pioneer life does not include opera, the theatre, and public libraries. But one is sure of good health, even if there is no bathtub for fifty miles. And for fun—good, wholesome, genuine fun—the new town on the prairie will furnish more than any city at home or abroad can boast of.

"Like it?" repeated a girl from Omaha, who filed on a claim in Tripp County in the southern part of the State three years ago. "Like it? Why, nothing could make me go back to Omaha to live. I love it. I have my little shack fixed up with my own things, and last year I raised twelve different kinds of vegetables and the best

hay in the country. I have my own saddle horse, and soon I am going to have an automobile. Like it? Well, you just come out and try it. I have yet to see anyone who doesn't like it after he's been here for six weeks."

And this is true. Everyone who has homesteaded is more than enthusiastic. Any number of young women are living alone on their claims during the fourteen months necessary to prove up. Some of them are even taking five years for their homesteading, and in this way they have a longer

time to make their payments to the Government. The five years have just been shortened to three years, and doubtless many of those who have filed will take advantage of this and live in their claim shanties three years instead of fourteen months. This country is excellent farm land. Corn and small grains of all kinds may be grown, and stories told of the melons "raised on sod" are marvelous indeed. There is excellent range land, and stock raising will be an important industry of the new country.

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BUT even now COLLIER'S doesn't seem wholly displeased with itself.

—St. Louis (Mo.) *Republic*.

It is possible that the new President may need a little advice. If so, the Chicago "Tribune" and COLLIER'S will grasp the opportunity and—save the country some more.—Janesville (Wis.) *Gazette*.

STEELTON, PA.

It is about time COLLIER'S comes out and tells its readers in plain English once and for always "where it is at" on this all-important point. Do you or do you not believe that trusts should have license to continue their exaction of a revenue off the public on their watered stock?

N. A. BARR.

Our respect for COLLIER'S WEEKLY is increasing apace; whatever doubts we may have entertained as to the vigor, intelligence, and honesty—and we add also efficacy—with which that journal has been conducted are dissipated. The enemies it has made are sufficient evidence of the power for good it has been. During the recent political campaign Senator Simmons of North Carolina, in an impassioned address, described the great National Weekly in these rather heated terms:

"COLLIER'S WEEKLY is the meanest, dirtiest, mud-slinging, muckraking, radical sheet published in the United States, and any white man in North Carolina ought to be ashamed to let it come into his home."

We are uninformed as to the degree of appreciation COLLIER'S may feel for this adequate tribute to its fearless honesty as a publication, nor whether it senses to the uttermost the compliment it contains, considering the source from which it comes. To have earned the hatred of North Carolina's Senator is an accomplishment for any journal; since it attests fully to the integrity of COLLIER'S, proves definitely the sort of abuses against which it battles, and the measure of success it attains in its crusades for reform. No lackadaisical, weak, vacillating, or controllable and controlled, publication ever engendered such hatred nor attracted such enmity.—Salt Lake City (Utah) *Herald*.

As a guarantee that the war will hereafter be conducted properly, COLLIER'S has sent a man to personally superintend the war in the Balkans.

—Columbus (Ohio) *Journal*.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

Now, whether COLLIER'S is Morganized or not, at our house we will all be glad when our subscription expires.

F. G. CORZER.

One of the most delicious instances of a militant publication and a public servant brought to bay is the impending clash between COLLIER'S WEEKLY and Senator Warren of Wyoming.

The publication has checked up to Senator Warren the accusation that private business in his home State can use him to better advantage than the general nation. The publication has thrown no deadly harpoons into the Senator, but has hit mighty close to his scalp. They have hit close enough to get his friends "ribbed up" to scrap, and they dare the Senator to sue them for libel.

The publication's steady nerve in battering the Senator reminds us of the bad men of the traditional past who used to shoot so true that they could skin the top of a man's ears, one at a time, burn the end of his nose, take a nick out of his boot toes, all to show him that if they wanted to they could bore him full of deadly holes.

The Senator's position also resembles that of the lay figure in a dagger-throwing vaudeville act, where the performer hurls knives with prophetic accuracy, and where the victim dares not move one way or the other for fear of being sliced by the vibrating blades.

—Wichita (Kans.) *Eagle*.

COLLIER'S is a great weekly newspaper, and it is edited with ability, but it must be vastly different from the average daily newspaper, else it would never ask why the essay in America has lost ground so steadily.—Memphis (Tenn.) *Scimitar*.

COLLIER'S is "The National Weekly" because it admits it.—Rockford (Ill.) *Star*.

Knowing that some such work awaited attention with reference to the Michigan Legislature and the Detroit Common Council, the Detroit "News-Tribune" and Detroit "News" have been planning for some time to localize the La Follette and COLLIER'S idea. Arrangements have been perfected for keeping a card index of the votes of the Detroit aldermen, together with something of their remarks, on all measures brought before the new council. The information thus compiled will be at the service of the people of Detroit. The correspondents who will represent these newspapers at the next session of the Legislature are working on a similar plan for that body. The "News-Tribune" and Detroit "News" feel that the undertaking is important enough from the standpoint of public benefit to bespeak for it the support of the public and the cooperation of all honest, progressive legislators and aldermen.

—Detroit (Mich.) *News-Tribune*.

COLLIER'S, which has taken great pleasure in muckraking some of America's most prominent citizens, will doubtless exist long enough to say some better things of President Taft than the above narrow-minded criticism.

—Burlington (Iowa) *Hawkeye*.

COLLIER'S, too, has come to its senses.—Chippewa Falls (Wis.) *Independent*.

I also wish to state that in my opinion COLLIER'S WEEKLY is the cleanest, most wholesome reading for the home, and is doing more for the uplift of the political morals of our country than all others combined. May it forever prosper.

E. A. BARNES.

The Humble Opinions of a Flatfoot

(Concluded from page 10)

movements of battleships keen and eager as a game of tennis. I read once of a rear admiral who used to play chess so many hours a day as a duty to keep his brain clear and ready. Good Lord! Can't the Navy Department furnish an officer with naval problems enough to serve the purpose? Oh, no! The commander-in-chief must be the whole thing while it lasts, and junior admirals mustn't get fresh and use any personal judgment.

With such a game on, even the enlisted man, although not credited with the capacity to think, might even come to relish it. In cases of ships racing on speed trials, coal passers have been known to fight for a chance to go below in the bunkers. There you are! And you could have extra shore liberty put up as a prize for a ship making a superior showing in some predicament.

AS things are now, any new, unexpected turn of events is a sad thing on a ship. Even the simple proposition of getting under way puts all the officers in a nervous frame of mind. You will see some petty officers carefully keeping themselves out of sight until it is all over and the routine is humming along cheerfully once again. Really, these grim-looking dreadnaughts are all nerves. Why not get under way and drop anchor forty times a day until we could do the job up as a matter of course?

I am for a dungaree navy. (Dungaree is our word for overalls.) I think efficiency of the gun crews should be the all-exclusive aim of the navy. (Still including requisite seamanship.) The crews shouldn't be wakened to a paint-work rag, but with a call to gun stations as a reveille. The gun pointer should be the man, not the trimmer that invents the most metal surfaces to shine in his part of the ship. And I believe all maneuvers of ships should be executed, not for keeping in a graceful column, but always with some other ships as objective targets.

Of course, sometimes two columns are formed, so one can train its guns on the other. And I must admit I have seen some fine battle games—they are in the

right spirit, and they are just the thing to be kept at, not a few times a year, but as a steady diet. The coal expended under the present parade system is enormous, and not a ton more would have to be spent if the gun crews were the vitals of the thing.

AND fine gun pointers are being paid off every week! And they won't ship over because they don't like being chambermaids, painters, buffers, and swab pushers all their lives. Let the "rookies" do the necessary cleaning work, or most of it, and let good gun crews take care of the guns. Supposing a machine shop was run on this stunt of drawing-room cleanliness, where would the efficiency go to? I wax rhetorical and insist on the man behind the gun and not the man behind the holystone. The crew should be mustered to their guns when fresh—not at about ten in the morning, tired from scrubbing and cleaning, and having worried themselves into perfect uniform and been minutely inspected as to every stitch of clothing.

I feel the air heavy with a monstrous drive toward having a nicely painted ship. I am for a reasonably worn ship and a counterpart of the "drive" all toward efficient ordnance. The recruit at Newport is taught nothing about big guns, but an enormous amount of education is given him about deck scrubbers. The manual of swabs is such a grand subject!

WHAT I object to is there is no spirit of gunnery except just previous to target practice. There should be such a spirit pervading the whole works all the time. Target practice should be only the final explosion of this tension. I know for sure that there is no such spirit—if I were to dream of the navy, I would dream of washing down decks, not of guns and targets.

The guns are the things. With our science they should hit every time after the spotting shots.

Yes, me for a dungaree navy, and guns and gunnery, and to h— with pretty paint work and shiny brass.

Mr. Mellen's Wonderful Top

(Continued from page 9)

necessary to reconstruct half of this valuable property entirely, and on this account the commission rejected this report and set its own engineer, with an engineer from the New Haven, to make a complete revaluation. The two reached an agreement, and the agreed figure was \$445,000 of depreciated value, against a similar figure of \$679,000 in the Westinghouse, Church, Kerr & Co. report.

IS AUDACITY THE RIGHT WORD?

ON the strength of this valuation, in which the New Haven's own engineer had concurred, the commission authorized a total stock issue of \$400,000.

The rest is this: In the Validation Report of the Massachusetts Commission, date of February 15, 1911, the reproduction value of the Westinghouse, Church, Kerr & Co. report is increased to \$932,000 by the commission's consulting engineer, Professor George F. Swain of Harvard.

And on the strength of this the New Haven's investment is listed at its book value, less a liability of \$23,000. This should help the people of Massachusetts to a proper appreciation of the value of Professor George F. Swain of Harvard, and will shed some light upon some further "valuations" in his report which Mr. Mellen perhaps not unjustly feels to be his "exoneration."

One of the first items to meet the eye is that of the Boston Railroad Holding Company, which holds control of the Boston & Maine. In this the New Haven had an apparent investment in stocks and debentures of about \$23,000,000, since increased to about \$27,000,000. In Professor Swain's report (page 97) there appears this remarkable entry:

"This investment, having been authorized by the Commonwealth, has been inventoried at its book value."

Most, if not all, of this stock was acquired by the exchange of New Haven stock, then paying 8 per cent, share for share, for Boston & Maine, then paying 7 per cent, now paying 4 per cent, and

COST FOUR TIMES VALUE

RHODE ISLAND COMPANY, holding the Rhode Island trolleys: Cost to the New Haven Railroad, \$24,220,000. Appraised by the Massachusetts Commission at \$6,000,000, or one-quarter the amount paid by the New Haven.

Here, at a modest estimation, is a matter of fifty millions or so difference



"My Bonnie Annie Laurie"

Makes You Feel Scenes of the Crimean War
When Played by Instinct

Some Joyous Experiences with
The New Instinctive Playing.
No. 5 of Series

Read What the Virtuoso Made This Woman Feel:

"I DO not sit down to my Virtuoso player piano to see, nor to hear, but to feel.

"There is far more to the Virtuoso than merely playing by the instructions on the roll. The Virtuoso has the bewitching power to make you feel the music, if you close your eyes and play by *Instinct*.

"I have just been playing 'Annie Laurie' on my Virtuoso. As I sat on the mission bench, with eyes closed, the golden notes fired my imagination. They carried me away to the green hills and plaid kilts of bonny Scotland.

"I could see Annie Laurie lassies, with carnation cheeks and flaxen locks and dimples mischievous, longing for their canny Scots afar—afar off at the war.

"And then I saw the camp fires way off in the Crimea. And 'round the crackling embers sat youthful Johnnies in coats of white and red. They were singing—singing:

"For Annie Laurie I'd lay me down and die!"

"For 'Annie Laurie' was the Crimean war song, at camp fire and in battle. And every British soldier boy whose heart reached out for some lassie at home, sang 'My Bonnie Annie Laurie.'

"After I had opened my eyes and wiped away the mist, I said 'I wish every home in the whole world could have a Virtuoso and feel what I just felt.'"

(Name on request)

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When are you going to get started on the road to having a Virtuoso in your home? If you only realized how easy it is to have one; how reasonable is the price; and how much real pleasure there is in saving to acquire a fine piece of property like the Virtuoso, you'd write us for "The Inner Beauty" today, and thereby start to consider the having of a Virtuoso in your home.

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The Virtuoso costs \$575 and up, according to the piano you choose. You can have three years in which to pay for it, if you desire.

"The Inner Beauty" tells in simple English and beautiful pictures, how Music is a language; and how the great composers have used it to tell us their wonderful inspirations of joy, love, gloom, fury, laughter, tears, comedy, tragedy, sunshine, wind, calm, etc.

And it tells how these immortal messages in music may be interpreted on the Virtuoso instinctively—and their stirring thrills felt—by those who have no technical knowledge of music.

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But soon you will become familiar with the pieces, and then you will close the panel in front of the roll, shut your eyes, and let your Instinct guide you through the piece. You will be surprised to find your mysterious musical Instinct a sure and artistic guide—

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No extra charge for convenient Fahnestock spring-clip connections.

Costs no more;
lasts longer



Mr. Mellen's Wonderful Top

(Concluded from page 27)

between book value and appraisal value even under the favorable attitude of mind on the part of the appraisers disclosed in, let us say, the items for the Westchester or Bennington & North Adams properties. And this relates to but a part of Mr. Mellen's disbursements. How these disbursements will hereafter be regarded by the New Haven shareholders when the settling time comes is not here a matter of interest. That they have been hitherto approvingly regarded is evident from the fact that some of them at least have been for a long time known, and in the face of this similar investments at similar prices have passed without protest, and up to very recently it has been possible to sell New Haven stock at a considerable premium.

The interest of the public is that it is on capital thus expended that Mr. Mellen and his kind demand the right to charge sufficient freight rates and passenger rates to pay a high interest charge and 8 per cent dividends on stock. Whether these prodigal disbursements have been made merely from folly and fright, or from overambition, or for reasons more easily surmised than established, they have so far no apparent justification save the fact that only by thus throttling competition could the New Haven's profits be maintained. It would be of public interest to know how far the twenty-four, or shall we say the twenty-three, other members of the New Haven's board of directors have really approved of Mr. Mellen's policies, and how clear a knowledge they have had of the value of his purchases. And if it

should hereafter be disclosed that acquisition in these policies has resulted in a huge loss to the New Haven, say a hundred million or more, it would be of public interest to know how far the directors might be held responsible to the shareholders.

But a far larger interest, I think, is the attitude, real or assumed, of Mr. Mellen toward a protesting public—of interest because of the prevalence of the Mellen type of mind or the Mellen type of man in the conduct of our railroads. With the first brush of the recent storm Mr. Mellen was content to say in an interview that it was due merely to the dissatisfaction of "State Street bankers" over their failure to secure their share of recent New Haven loans; further, that this failure was due to their attempt to charge higher rates of interest than could be obtained in New York.

Latterly, when he had begun to feel a little more the force of this storm of protest, Mr. Mellen is content to charge it all to the machinations of the evil Mr. Brandeis. In which latter connection it may merely be noted that Mr. Brandeis had set forth the conditions of the New Haven and the nature of Mr. Mellen's doings fully five years ago in his pamphlet and in numberless subsequent speeches; and that his reward was merely to see a Massachusetts Legislature, elected after a full disclosure of the facts, condone and approve all of Mr. Mellen's acts. This evil-minded man has but the melancholy satisfaction of finding all his predictions regarding the results of Mr. Mellen's activities verified in full.

A Child at the Wicket

By PERCY MACKAYE

A LITTLE ISLE: it is for some Hell's gate, for some Elysium!—Round Ellis Isle the salt waves flow With old-world tears, wept long ago;

Round Ellis Isle the warm waves leap With new-world laughter from the deep, And centuries of sadness smile To clasp their arms round Ellis Isle.

I watched her pass the crowded piers, A peasant child of maiden years; Her face was toward the evening sky, Where fair Manhattan towered high;

Her yellow kerchief caught the breeze, Her crimson kirtle flapped her knees, As lithe she swayed to tug the band Of swaddled bundle in her hand.

From her right hand the big load swung, But with her left strangely she clung To something light, which seemed a part Of her, and held it 'gainst her heart;

A something frail, which tender hands Had touched to song in far-off lands On twilights, when the looms are mute: A thing of love—a slender lute.

Hardly she seemed to know she held That frail thing fast, but went compelled By wonder of the dream that lay In those bright towers across the bay.

A staggering load, a treasure light— She bore them both, and passed from sight. From Ellis Isle I watched her pass Pinned on her breast was "Lawrence, Mass."

O little isle, you are for some Hell's gate, for some Elysium! Your wicket swings, and some to song Pass on, and some to silent wrong;

But who, where hearts of toilers bleed In songless toil, ah, who will heed— On twilights, when the looms are mute— A thing of love, a slender lute?



Father—"That looks like an Italian ship."

Son—"Papa, don't you think it's awful kind of us to let the other nations use our ocean?"

A check on the coal-bin!



Chilling wind is the tyrant which prevents even warmth and wastes fuel in the heating of homes, stores, churches, schools, etc. The best victor over the effects of this enemy to comfort and economy is the

IDEAL SYLPHON Regitherm

It goes on wall of a living room; you turn an indicator hand to the degree of temperature wanted in all rooms. The warmth in the room acts on a permanent expansive liquid in the "everlasting Sylphon brass bellows" (none others have it). A cable communicates motion (without wind-up, compressed air, electricity or diaphragms) to the draft and check dampers of the Heating Boiler in cellar. The moment the weather starts to get colder, the REGITHERM increases the fire; or if the weather begins to warm up the REGITHERM instantly checks the fire. Result: An evenly warmed house all over, day and night.

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Ask your Dentist—he knows
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McKESSON & ROBBINS, NEW YORK
Ask for the Calox Tooth Brush, 35c.

The Little Gray Man

(Concluded from page 14)

false, the dangerous, is sometimes made of glue. Mothers! Would you feed your babies a bottle of glue?"

The papers all over New England copied this story. The time, it will be remembered, was March, just when confectioners were laying in their Easter stocks. One wholesaler who came to Professor Allyn to complain that his business had been hurt showed a stack of orders two inches high, every one of which had been canceled. The substance of each letter was: "We don't feed glue to babies if we know it."

But the climax of the Worcester pure-food talks came two weeks after the exhibit was over. A very nice-looking young man called upon Professor Allyn in his laboratory at Westfield, and, with evidence of considerable feeling, explained that he was the manager of the Boston firm which had been selling nitrobenzene as pure almond extract. Professor Allyn stared at the man in surprise. As he says: "I was used to the wrathful adulterator and the 'sassy' adulterator, but this was a new type."

The young man further astonished the chemist by saying: "I was in the crowd that day when you made the talk on those extracts of ours. I went right up and told my partners all about it. Now I want you to come to our offices and meet us, and see if you think we are really a band of crooks."

HE IS A NATURAL TEACHER

PROFESSOR ALLYN made the visit, and the firm commissioned him to examine their entire stock and indicate every misbranded or deleterious food product he could find. That concern is to-day one of the most ardent pure-food advocates in New England.

And now we begin to understand how it is that one little man with gray hair and brown eyes, with a turned-up nose and a turned-down, thoughtful mouth, shaking a test tube or studying his bubbling crucibles in the laboratory of a Massachusetts Normal School can become one of the great pure-food forces of America, so important, indeed, that from the last salmon cannery in Alaska to the last sardinerie in Maine, and in all the various degrees and kinds of preserving and food-preparing plants between, his opinion is regarded, his favor courted, and his condemnation feared. A score of lawsuits might only have made this Boston firm stubborn and bitter. One single chemistry lesson put them into a sack-cloth mood. That is Allyn's secret. The man is a great natural teacher. He has the enthusiasm of an Agassiz and something of the method of a Froebel.

It is nine years now since three Normal girls indulged in a surreptitious midnight spread in their dormitory, and thereby most unwittingly launched the Westfield pure-food movement. The day after the feast they were absent from the chemistry class. The second day they appeared, looking noticeably pale.

"It must have been the jam," explained Hazel, who had contributed a three-pound tin of that schoolgirls' delight, strawberry preserves, as her share of the feast, while Bessie and Mary had added the more innocuous pickles, cheese, and chocolates. As has been said, Professor Allyn is a teacher by instinct. His quick mind seized upon the teaching value of this incident.

"Analyze the preserves, girls," he suggested, "and see what in them could have made you ill."

The girls obeyed. They found apple sauce, ether, red ink, grass seeds, and salicylic acid, but no strawberries. From that day forward the girls in the chemistry class began to qualify as pure-food experts. They examined the canned goods, the preserves, the medicines, and foods of every kind that came from the stores of Westfield into the homes in which they lived. The housekeepers were appalled to find the sort of thing they had been putting upon their tables. And the grocers were somewhat appalled, but much more annoyed. It is very disturbing, no doubt, to have the canned goods you make the most profit on, the ones that bear the very handsomest lithographs, returned almost in wheelbarrow loads because of some fussy girls stewing chemicals in a laboratory. I leave it to anyone if it would not be annoying when a grocer is working energetically to build up trade in a new line of chocolate which he can sell in larger packages and for less money

than chocolate was ever sold before to have a miss still wearing her hair in braids say right out loud in the store for everyone to hear:

"Pooh! I analyzed that in class. It is thirty per cent cornstarch. That is why you can sell it cheaper than real chocolate. And it has potash in it, too, which turns to suds when you add water, and that's what makes it look so deliciously creamy and frothy when you pour it into the cups. No suds in my chocolate, thank you!"

One babbling schoolgirl like that can make a world of trouble for an energetic grocer in a small town; and there were nearly two hundred girls studying chemistry. Naturally, therefore, the food dealers of Westfield became very angry with the chemistry teacher of the Normal School. But, as has been written before and must be written again, Professor Allyn is a teacher. His enemies are made through his teaching; and the only weapon he can fight with is his teaching. So when the grocers became angry he merely invited them up to the laboratory and gave them a chemistry lesson. In other words, he taught them as he was teaching the girls. The grocers saw and believed. They became his friends and cooperators. Professor Allyn became a member of the Board of Health, and soon the whole town was getting lessons in chemistry. Every housekeeper, every merchant, anybody who was suspicious of a food, a medicine, a fabric, even a wall paper, could take it to the Board of Health, and the Board of Health would pass it to the girls in the chemistry class. The subject of analysis and the result would then be placed on exhibition in the Board of Health Museum. That museum has been a daily and enlarging lesson in chemistry to the people of Westfield for eight years. In this museum one may see whisky which is not whisky, tomatoes which are not tomatoes, strawberry preserves which are not preserved strawberries, pies that are painted, extracts that are poisoned with wood alcohol, woolen goods no fiber of which ever sprouted upon a sheep, and so on through a list of hundreds of shams and fakes.

Professor Allyn has taught tradesmen that it does not pay to handle impure goods. He has taught the people to go shopping with the pure-food list published by the Board of Health in their hands. He is teaching the whole country. He is continually in demand for popular lectures, and each lecture is a lesson in the chemistry of food.

THE STORMS OF EIGHT YEARS

STORMS have raged high over his head in these eight years. Politicians have sought his official scalp. He has been haled into court; damages have been assessed against him; he has paid the damages to the extent of sixteen hundred dollars; and his townsmen have reimbursed him to the last cent. Nothing turns him from his work. He is a teacher. He goes on teaching. A great food-making firm offered him a salary of ten thousand dollars a year to become their chemist. He declined it. He is a teacher. A great newspaper syndicate offered him any salary he might name to write for them. He declined it. He is a teacher. He does not care for riches. His home, his family, his modest motor car, an occasional day upon the rifle range, the esteem of his friends, these are emoluments enough for him. To the last hair of him, in all the skin of him, he is a teacher, and he has a teacher's richest wage, the absorbed attention of his pupils.

Is it strange that, working there in the laboratory at the end of the day when his classes have gone, alone with his chemicals and his thoughts, a sense of great possessions comes over him? He knows that babies are cooing in their mothers' arms to-day and children are toddling upon the streets who would be in their graves but for him. He knows there are men and women whose hearts beat strong and lively to-day because he warned poisonous drugs from their lips; that there are unnumbered persons whose total must mount upward thousand by thousand as his work goes on, whose minds are clearer, whose bodies function more servicably because of the lessons he has taught and is teaching. The memory of this makes the little gray man feel rich. And is he not right? What Rockefeller of us all has more?



Don't Grop for Words

What a joyous satisfaction it is to receive a letter that concisely and exactly expresses just what the writer intended to express, and that tingles with personality. You can write that kind of letter. You can acquire an easy, flowing style of dictation. If you will give Grenville Kleiser (former Yale Instructor) fifteen minutes of your time daily at home or office,

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John Burroughs, famous Naturalist and Writer: "I see valuable and helpful hints in these lessons. Any young man or woman who has an undeveloped literary talent ought to profit greatly by this Course."

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A. R. Hering, Holyoke, Mass.: "It has already greatly benefited me and I would not sell your course to-day for one hundred dollars, if I could not get another."

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THE name of a certain American food-product is rightly valued at more than a million dollars for every letter in it. This value has been created by making the name valuable to you and the other people who buy foods.

Before a trade-mark can be worth a dollar to its owner it must render a genuine service to those who can buy the goods for which it stands, by helping each buyer in his choice. The trade-mark which has value to its owner is that which is generally recognized as identifying a line of goods which merit patronage, and such a trade-mark is necessarily of value to the buyer before it is worth a penny to the owner.

For anything which helps you to distinguish between goods that are really worth what they cost and those which are not, between foods, for example, which are clean and pure and good to eat and those which are dirty, adulterated or low-grade,—anything which makes that discrimination easier and safer is valuable to you.

As a general rule—not always, of course—the mere fact that you recognize a certain trade-

which you recognize and one which is unfamiliar to you, the chances are always in favor of the former. Unknown merchandise *may* be good—known merchandise is *likely* to be good.

The advent of The Westfield Book of Pure Foods establishes the trade-mark as a final, definite, positive index to merit, and makes it the simplest matter in the world to distinguish between foods that are safe and good to eat beyond any possibility of question and those which may or may not be fit for human use.

The Westfield Book is simply a conveniently classified list of 117 different kinds of foods (many brands listed in each important class) every one of which has passed the exhaustive, impartial tests of the food-chemists of the Westfield Board of Health. For ten years these analysts have been testing food-products, and the net results of over 20,000 experiments are expressed in this list of the foods which have passed every test and proved themselves worthy in every respect.

The value of the trade-mark to you as a consumer of foods is tremendously increased by the existence of this guide, which draws a line, plain

worth, with sufficient range of choice under each classification to make it likely that at least one of the brands approved can be secured at any grocery store in the country.

The Westfield Book of Pure Foods gives you a roll-of-honor which contains no name undeserving of trust, instead of a rogues' gallery which contains only a few of the criminals who threaten you. It gives you a list of righteous, worthy bidders for your patronage and sets up the trade-mark as the simple Bertillon system by which you can distinguish between the good and the bad.

Send for The Westfield Book of Pure Foods. It protects you absolutely and forever against the food poisoner and the food fraud. It enables you to tell your grocer exactly what you want and to pass instant judgment on any substitute he offers. For your own sake, for the safety and health of your children, fill out the coupon and mail it today, with 10c in stamps or silver, to The Board of Health, Westfield, Mass.

The names of the firms co-operating to bear the expense of this campaign are signed below, not as a bid for

property, but simply because no claim or matter should be concealed from the public. The Westfield Book of Pure Foods, which they seek to distribute, lists the names of many companies, large and small, which

and clear, between those trademarks which stand for good things, known to be good, and those which indicate a product of unknown quality.

mark as having pleasantly familiar associations is good presumptive evidence of merit in the line for which it stands. For few brands gain general public favor without some such association.

As a general rule—not always, of course—the mere fact that you recognize a certain trade-

sumer of foods is tremendously increased by the existence of this guide, which draws a line, plain

mark as having presently familiar associations is good presumptive evidence of merit in the line for which it stands. For few brands gain general public knowledge unless the goods which they represent have enough genuine merit to stand the test of public scrutiny and experiment. As a rule, the maker of inferior merchandise does not invite any more attention to himself than he has to. It is the man with a product of which one knows he can be proud, which he believes will please and satisfy the buyer, who most actively solicits the lime-light of national advertising. Most frauds prefer to work in the dark.

That is one way in which the trade-mark helps you to distinguish,—as between a brand

sumer of foods is tremendously increased by the existence of this guide, which draws a line, plain

and clear between those trade-marks which stand for good things, known to be good, and those which indicate a product of unknown quality.

Here is a positive, simple solution of your food problem. The Westfield Book of Pure Foods removes all doubt and guesswork; it enables any one who can read to know exactly what he ought to buy, to order it by name, and to make sure that he gets it.

The Westfield Book of Pure Foods does not condemn any product, even by inference. It is not and cannot be so complete that omission from it proves unworthiness to be in it. All that it aims and claims to do is to furnish any buyer with a list of products of unquestioned purity and

The names of the firms co-operating to bear the expense of this campaign are signed below, not as a bid for

prometry, but simply because no cream or such a matter should be concealed from the public. The Westfield Book of Pure Foods, which they seek to distribute, lists the names of many competing houses which take no part whatever in the movement but necessarily share equally in its benefits, as every product mentioned in the book has passed exhaustive, impartial tests which conclusively prove its purity and worth.

American Sugar Refining Co., New York.	Kellogg Toasted Corn Flake Co., Battle Creek, Mich.
Baker Extract Co., Springfield, Mass.	Chas. B. Knox Co., Johnstown, N. Y.
Baker Importing Co., New York.	Francis H. Leggett & Co., New York.
Beechnut Packing Co., Catajoharie, N. Y.	Loose-Wiles Biscuit Co., Boston, Mass.
Belle Maid Sweets, Trenton, N. J.	Minute Tapioca Co., Orange, Mass.
Dr. E. F. Brush's Kummys, Mount Vernon, N. Y.	The Movie Co., Boston, Mass.
Clicquot Club Co., Millis, Mass.	National Onion Salt Co., Chicago, Ill.
Corn Products Refining Co., New York.	Procter & Gamble Co., Cincinnati, Ohio.
John Duncan's Sons, New York.	Rumford Chemical Works, Providence, R. I.
The N. K. Fairbank Co., Chicago, Ill.	Southern Cotton Oil Co., New York.
F. A. Ferris & Co., New York.	Weich Grape Juice Co., Westfield, N. Y.
H. J. Heinz Co., Pittsburgh, Pa.	Worrell, S. C., New York.
Varverine Dairy Farm, East Attleboro, W. Va.	



HERE ARE SOME OF THE WESTFIELD PURE FOOD PRODUCTS.

Do your glasses slip?

REMEMBER THE NAME
Shur-on
REGISTERED TRADE MARK
EYEGLASS & SPECTACLE MOUNTINGS

There's no slip to Shur-on Eyeglass Mountings fitted with H-7 Guards

Touching the sides of nose at the right point, H-7 Guards keep Shur-ons in place with hardly noticeable spring pressure.

New Shur-ons have many other improvements—soft pressure springs, neater lines, greater comfort, increased durability.

Always best, 1912 improvements make Shur-ons better than ever—the result of 48 years acquired skill.

Write for "How to Buy Glasses Intelligent." E. KIRSTEN SONS CO., Third Ave., Rochester, N. Y. Established in 1864

LOOK FOR
THE NAME ON THE BRIDGE



New-Skin, For Cuts

New-Skin is an antiseptic liquid for use on cuts, scrapes, etc. It forms a waterproof film, flexible and transparent. This protects the hurt and allows it to heal. Carry New-Skin with you for emergencies. Always have a bottle in the house. Pocket size 10c, Home size 25c. At druggists. See directions and circular.

NEWSKIN COMPANY
98-100 Grand Avenue, Brooklyn, New York

DINGEE Roses
Sturdy as Oaks. Founded 1850

are the best. Growing plants delivered **FREE**, anywhere. Satisfaction and safe arrival guaranteed. 63 years' experience back of them. Write today for "Dingee Guide to Rose Culture". Most valuable Rose book—80 pages. Superbly illustrated. Price 10c. Send 10c postage and get nearly 1,000 roses and other plants; tells how to grow them. Best flower and vegetable seeds, 70 glass houses. The Dingee & Conard Co., Box 143, West Grove, Pa.

120 PAGE POULTRY BOOK FREE

Tells how to succeed with poultry on the ordinary farm. Describes all breeds of fowls, turkeys, geese, brooder out of an old piano box. What breeds lay best. Plans for poultry houses, how to feed, breed, etc. Described.

PRairie STATE Incubators and Brooders
You will be surprised at the valuable information it contains. It's free. Write a postcard for a copy today. (21) Prairie State Incubator Co., 431 Main St., Homer City, Pa.

100 Page Book ON POULTRY RAISING FREE

To Everyone Interested in Incubators and Brooders Book tells how to make money, what to feed chicks, their habits, weight, color, etc. \$8. Whether interested in 60, 100, 175, 240 or 360 egg size. I'll also send my Special Low Price Freight Prepaid Introductory Offer on my Ideal Incubators. Write for it. J. W. MILLER CO., Box 26, Rockford, Illinois

Write for 73rd Annual Catalogue
of fruit and ornamental trees and plants
DIRECT from the Most Complete Nursery
in the Country. **NO PAYMENT OF
MISSION TO PAY.** Every specimen true to species and in prime condition. 73 years of honest dealing. Write for catalogue TO-DAY. MT. HOPE NURSERIES, Box 58A, Rochester, N. Y.

EWanger & Barry
Money In Poultry Start small; Grow BIG;
and Squabs Foy's Big Book tells how. Describes World's largest pure-bred poultry farm; gives great mass of poultry information. Lowest prices on fowls, eggs, incubators. Mailed to F. FOY, Box 24, Des Moines, Iowa

By-Product Citizens

(Concluded from page 32)

to detect not only those who turn out of the way altogether, but to find those whose little feet merely falter and grow weary, and by taking them out of the massed rank and file, and walking side by side and hand in hand with them a while, return them to their places in the "efficient" column.

KNOWLEDGE THE SAVIOR

THE most beautiful fruit of this tree planted for childhood is to me the fact that all this ferreting out reveals not more but fewer than we thought as defectives, and that in spite of the one-third of all now discovered to be behind in their classes! The explanation is the terrible one that many children whom the world has been branding as defective have been condemned on circumstantial evidence as cruel as any that ever sent an innocent man to the gallows. It is here that the work of the clinic, as carried on in New York City at least, seems most redemptive in that it stands as judge to childhood to allow no unjust sentencing. Here is an example of that phase, come upon by me on my first visit to the clinic. The waiting room was full of applicants, and I chose to remain there a while, for, I said to myself, "I represent the casual, untrained observer, and from my unexpert judgment can tell approximately what would be meted out to these children by the world at large." There was one boy whom, in my mind, I classed as the worst case of abnormality in the room. When I was told that he had been recommended for deportation on the ground of feeble-mindedness (being an alien in the country only six months), I was only surprised that he had got past Ellis Island at all. He pecked and peered and grinned, and he made queer, overreaching gestures. When he went in for his medical examination I went along, and got a fine example of what the judgment of myself and the world at large is worth. The "worst case of abnormality in the room," recommended for deportation, was a normal boy! Two very simple things accounted for the deal the world at large and I wished to give him. One was that he was nearly blind. The other was that he knew almost nothing of the English language. When he got among those understanding sympathizers in that clinic room you should have seen him showing an affectionate and eager self through those two veils that had hidden him from less expert eyes. This boy was sent to an eye clinic and then to a usual grade teacher, with instructions that allowances are to be made till he learns English.

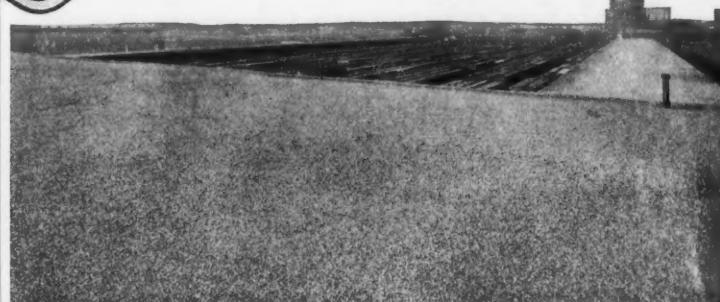
THE CASE OF DAVID

MERELY one striking misunderstanding that could not have lasted long anyway, you may say. I would like to think so, but the few times I have sat in that clinic room I have heard the words "too late now" in the case of misunderstood children too often, and I have before me now this record:

"In the ungraded classes now there is an American boy, tall, strong, and attractive looking, who may be called David. He has been in New York schools for nine years. The first five he spent in the graded classes in a hopeless struggle to learn to read. When he was at last, as an unpromoted child, proposed for an ungraded class it was found that he had congenital cataract of both eyes. David's mentality is not now normal. His present feebleness of mind is thought to be probably due to the strain of his long, desperate efforts to learn to read through his dimming vision. The boy's blindness was for years undiscovered."

Now you can understand how the "worst case of abnormality in the room" could really have been made so for lack of being understood, can't you? And how a deaf child can be classed as an imbecile and made one because, once that idea obtains regarding him, he does not receive the mental food on which minds grow? Maybe you can also deduce the process by which a child merely delicate and timid can, without the care of the exceptional classes, get farther and farther away from the meeting of his mental needs till he is permanently behind. Go back to the figures quoted at the beginning of this article and consider these stories of childhood in connection with them. Then, when you have grasped the vastness of what is still to be done, make your estimate of the present pioneers in this work for "the least of these."

Garrett Specification Roofs



The Most Popular Roof in the World

THE illustration above shows the familiar gravel surface of a Barrett Specification Roof.

Roofs of this type are used with the fullest satisfaction on thousands of great factories and commercial establishments all over the United States.

The Barrett Specification is the standard method for constructing these roofs.

It specifies the kind of felt and pitch that should be used, the quantity required and it further defines the correct method of applying same. It also specifies a simple and practical method of inspection and provides for the identifying of the pitch and felt.

If this specification is carefully followed, the owner of the building is assured of a roof that will usually last twenty years or more without any maintenance expense whatever.

We shall be pleased to mail architects, engineers or owners of buildings, copies of The Barrett Specification with diagrams from which blue prints can be made. Address nearest office.

BARRETT MANUFACTURING COMPANY

New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston, St. Louis, Cleveland, Pittsburgh, Cincinnati, Kansas City, Minneapolis, Seattle, Corey, Ala. THE PATERSON MFG. CO., Ltd.—Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg, Vancouver, St. John, N. B., Halifax, N. S.

Special Note

We advise incorporating in plans the full wording of The Barrett Specification, in order to avoid any misunderstanding.

If any abbreviated form is desired however the following is suggested:

ROOFING — Shall be a Barrett Specification Roof laid as directed in printed Specification, revised August 15, 1911, using the materials specified, and subject to the inspection requirement.



HOW TO SPEAK IN PUBLIC



Give Grenville Kleiser, former Yale Instructor, fifteen minutes of your time daily at home and he will teach you by mail how to make after-dinner speeches, propose toasts, tell stories, make political board meetings; his Mail Course will help salesmen sell more goods, develop power and personality, improve memory, increase vocabulary, give poise and self-confidence; it will help a man earn more, achieve more. "Your Course has been of great service to me in my business, and I commend it to others in the highest terms," says JOSEPH P. DAY, New York's foremost auctioneer.

If you'll write to-day, we'll tell you all about it by mail.

FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY, Dept. 619, New York

Macey Book Cabinets

Do Not Look Sectional—
But They Are

MADE IN GRAND RAPIDS

Dustless, Sanitary Cement Floors

are produced by coating with TRUS-CON FLOOR ENAMEL. Stops dusting of concrete floors. Gives a smooth, tile-like surface. Wear-resisting; stainproof; oilproof. Easily cleaned by mopping. Furnished in a variety of colors. Applied with a brush.

TRUS-CON FLOOR ENAMEL



is used in Factories, Warehouses, Power Plants, Hospitals, Schools, Offices, Residences, Garages, etc.

FREE! Color Card and valuable suggestions.

Write to-day.

The TRUS-CON LABORATORIES

442 TRUS-CON BUILDING, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

Waterproofings—Dampproofings—Technical Paints



Morrow

Electric Suction Cleaner

Efficient, Convenient, Reliable

One of the most powerful and convenient cleaners on the market. Does as thorough work as large machines. Price, \$35.00. Fully guaranteed. Shipping charges, \$5.00.

If your dealer doesn't carry it we will send on receipt of price. Try it ten days. If unsatisfactory, return. We will refund money.

THE MORROW CO., 109 Madison St., Waukegan, Ill.

The "BEST" LIGHT

Makes and burns its own gas. No grease, odor nor dirt. Brighter than acetylene. Over 200 styles. Every lamp warranted. Write for catalog.

Agents Wanted
7-35 E. 5th St., Canton, Ohio.

300 CANDLE POWER

33



Look for our name whenever you exchange your empty gas tank

There are two causes—and only two—for seeming "short measure" of gas in a Prest-O-Lite:

Either it was not filled by us, or the pipe-lines to the lamps leak, and waste gas.

We have a Branch Office and Service Station in every principal city which will gladly test your pipe-lines for leaks, free. So will any dealer, anywhere.

But we cannot be responsible for short measure or poor gas in a tank

not filled by us. Our name is your protection. Look for it!

Another thing:—when you exchange your empty tank, make sure you get a genuine Prest-O-Lite in return for it. Anyone who slips on an imitation, while your back is turned, defrauds you.

The genuine Prest-O-Lite, when empty, can be immediately exchanged for a full one, *anywhere and always*. Imitations cannot.

Prest-O-Lite for Motorcycles

Prest-O-Lite is the ONLY practical light for motorcycles.

Oil lamps are too weak, carbide lamps are but little better, and generators are too troublesome and unreliable. Prest-O-Lite floods the road far ahead with STEADY, brilliant light, turned on and off like a gas jet.

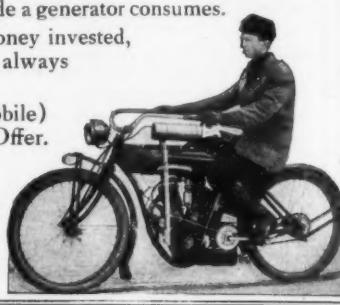
Any experienced rider will tell you that Prest-O-Lite ready-to-use gas costs no more—usually costs less—than the carbide a generator consumes.

The first cost is low, and, at that, is money invested, not spent. The genuine Prest-O-Lite is always a READY CASH ASSET.

See your dealer (motorcycle or automobile) or write us, regarding our 30-Day Trial Offer.

We will gladly arrange for immediate exchange service for anyone, anywhere.

The Prest-O-Lite Co. Indianapolis Indiana
Branch Offices and Service Stations in all Principal Cities from Coast to Coast
Exchange Agencies Everywhere



Price
\$10

KEEPS YOUR CAR "JUST LIKE NEW"

3-in-One Oil will keep your car almost as bright and shiny as the day it left the factory if you'll just do this:

After washing the body in regular way, apply a few drops of 3-in-One to a piece of waste. Then rub over woodwork of car or over the enameled metal body. Preserves and hardens the varnished or enameled surface, preventing chipping, cracking, peeling.

3-in-One positively prevents hardening, cracking or rotting of leather seats, top, curtains, etc. Also prevents all tarnish and rust on lamps, hand rails, brass or nickeled parts.

3-In-One—Best Magneto Oil

3-in-One is the very best oil for magnetos because it won't gum, dry out, harden, gather dirt, heat up, smoke, burn. It keeps the bearings clean as a whistle—makes the magneto run like magic. Recommended and used by leading automobile makers and magneto manufacturers.

Sold at all good garages, supply dealers, hardware stores, sporting goods stores, in four size packages—Automobile Size, 8 oz. (½ pint) bottle, 50c; 3 oz. bottle, 25c; Trial Size bottle, 10c; also Handy Oil Can, 3½ oz., 25c.

FREE. Write for free sample bottle and special magneto circular—both free
Three-in-One Oil Co., 42 ANM Broadway, New York



Patented



Here's The One Sure Towrope:

It will "deliver the goods" when other ropes fail. You can investigate this new standard accessory at your supply dealer's TODAY. And you should do it. Some day you'll need.

"BASLINE AUTOWLINE"

The towrope that stood every test on the Glidden tour and the Coast to Coast tours. It's 30 ft. of finest 5/16-inch flexible steel rope. Coils Up Flat Under The Cushion.

Autowline weighs only 6 lbs. but has an approximate strength of 7000 lbs. Don't put a big, bulky, grease-collecting manila towrope in your car—get Autowline at your dealer's for only \$8.75.

FREE The Autowline circular tells the whole story in pictures. Write us for it TODAY.

BRODERICK & BASCOM ROPE CO., 805 No. 24 St., ST. LOUIS, MO.

The Little Steel Rope with the Big Pull.

Trade Mark Registered

34

The Best Place to be Poor

EDITOR COLLIER'S:

SIR—In COLLIER'S of November 30 appeared an editorial entitled "The Best Place to be Poor," and in it the question is asked: "Where can I, a salaried man of thirty-seven, making \$1,800 a year, go to find a farm?"

Try us!

We can refer him to trust companies, backed by millions, to real estate dealers, to agricultural colleges, to the State Commissioner of Agriculture, and to the chairman of our Real Estate Committee.

We can tell him where—whether it be fruit, truck, poultry, corn, or cotton.

Very truly yours,

GEO. R. BROWN,
Sec'y Board of Trade, Little Rock, Ark.

+

EDITOR COLLIER'S:

SIR—The back-to-the-farm movement will be a success if journals such as yours make a systematic hunt for cheap, adaptable Government lands.

In Washington, Montana, Wyoming, and Idaho there are thousands of acres of cheap logged-off land which, in the hands of industrious men, would make good homes.

There are whole sections, such as the one in which this thriving town is located, which a few years ago were considered no good for farming (on account of their high altitude), but which have proved to be the finest fruit, grass, and grain land in the West.

Farm labor is hard to get here, and a poor man can always secure employment until his own place is improved so that he can devote all of his time to it. Labor commands twice as much here as in the East. A man with a thousand dollars and a good wife can easily get a start here, and if he has children, the older ones would be of material help in caring for the vegetable garden (a source of profit too often neglected in this country). Eggs and butter also will be a good income producer.

Your paper could do a world of good by guiding capable, not prejudiced, men through these States and showing them the cheap lands. Very truly yours,

CHAS. LIFTCHILD.
Grangeville, Idaho.

+

EDITOR COLLIER'S:

SIR—I am a traveling man, from the State of Washington, and I know positively that there are good chances for the man with \$1,000, a strong back, and the right kind of a wife in my State.

I would say to him: Get as near as possible to a good market, deliver your products direct to the consumer, and stop buying out of paper bags and cans. There was never a time when the production of foodstuffs offered such profits as to-day.

Professors, doctors, office men, and those untrained in farming are making good in the Western country—after they get started, they make the best kind of farmers.

Very truly yours,
CHAS. H. COLLINS.
Grand Rapids, Mich.

+

EDITOR COLLIER'S:

SIR—In your issue of November 30 some one writes: "What can I do to get away from the city? Can a city-bred man with a capital of \$1,000 or less succeed on a farm? Where can I, a salaried man of thirty-seven, making \$1,800 a year, go to find a farm?" These are questions often asked by people tired of the grind of living.

I venture to suggest that the best place to be rich or poor is on the farm. One thousand dollars, economically managed, will go a long ways on the farm here—not one person in ten has so much to begin on, and yet the farmers of this community, taken as a whole, are in excellent shape financially. Lands in the Tidewater section of Virginia have increased in value from three to six hundred per cent within the last ten years. It was from COLLIER'S that I ascertained that farm-land values throughout the United States had increased, as a whole, 118 per cent in the ten years from 1900 to 1910, whereas the increase in the South had been much more

than this, to say nothing of the income from the crops.

Farming is so profitable in this, the greatest of all truck-growing centers of the United States, that one farmer under oath testified that he could make clear of expenses \$200 per acre per year. Thirty years ago he came here penniless; to-day he is worth several hundred thousand dollars. Numbers of persons have, however, made much more money than this per acre.

It is to meet the demand for small truck farms that a Virginia corporation has been organized for the purpose of buying, developing, and subdividing truck lands near the city into five-acre tracts and multiples thereof; of dividing fertile lands which can be purchased at cheap prices on the James River into twenty-five-acre dairy farms, and erecting houses, barns, and silos thereon, where the milking can be done until late at night, and the butter, cream, and milk reach here early the following morning with a guaranteed sale at good prices; of dividing large farms into smaller ones, which can be made highly profitable, and selling all of these on easy terms to settlers.

The advice of an agricultural expert, maintained by the company without charge, is available. He will advise as to when, where, and what to plant; the best and cheapest manures to use for the particular crop, and what to use, when and how to use it most rapidly and economically to improve the soil.

This company will also operate a large hay or alfalfa farm. In Virginia the average yield is around five tons per acre and the price \$18 per ton, yielding \$90 an acre, with a production cost of not over one-third of this amount.

Very truly yours,
W. D. STOAKLEY.

Norfolk, Va.

+

EDITOR COLLIER'S:

SIR—I notice in COLLIER'S of November 30 the question in an editorial: "What can I do to get away from the city?"

For the help of those who ask, I want to tell about the experience of Mr. O. F. Parker of Jefferson County, this State.

While Mr. Parker was living in a tent on the Arkansas River, a friend made the suggestion to him to buy a few hogs and turn them out in the open woods near by. The friend thought that a little money might be made out of them.

In June, 1910, Mr. Parker bought six sows, and in October, 1912, he had two hundred hogs for sale. He says that he fed them not more than two bushels of corn in that time. He is now renting seventy-four acres of corn land to fatten hogs another year, and is living in a comfortable house.

Will he not be able to buy a place in another year or so? Very truly yours,

J. W. SCALES.

Pine Bluff, Ark.

+

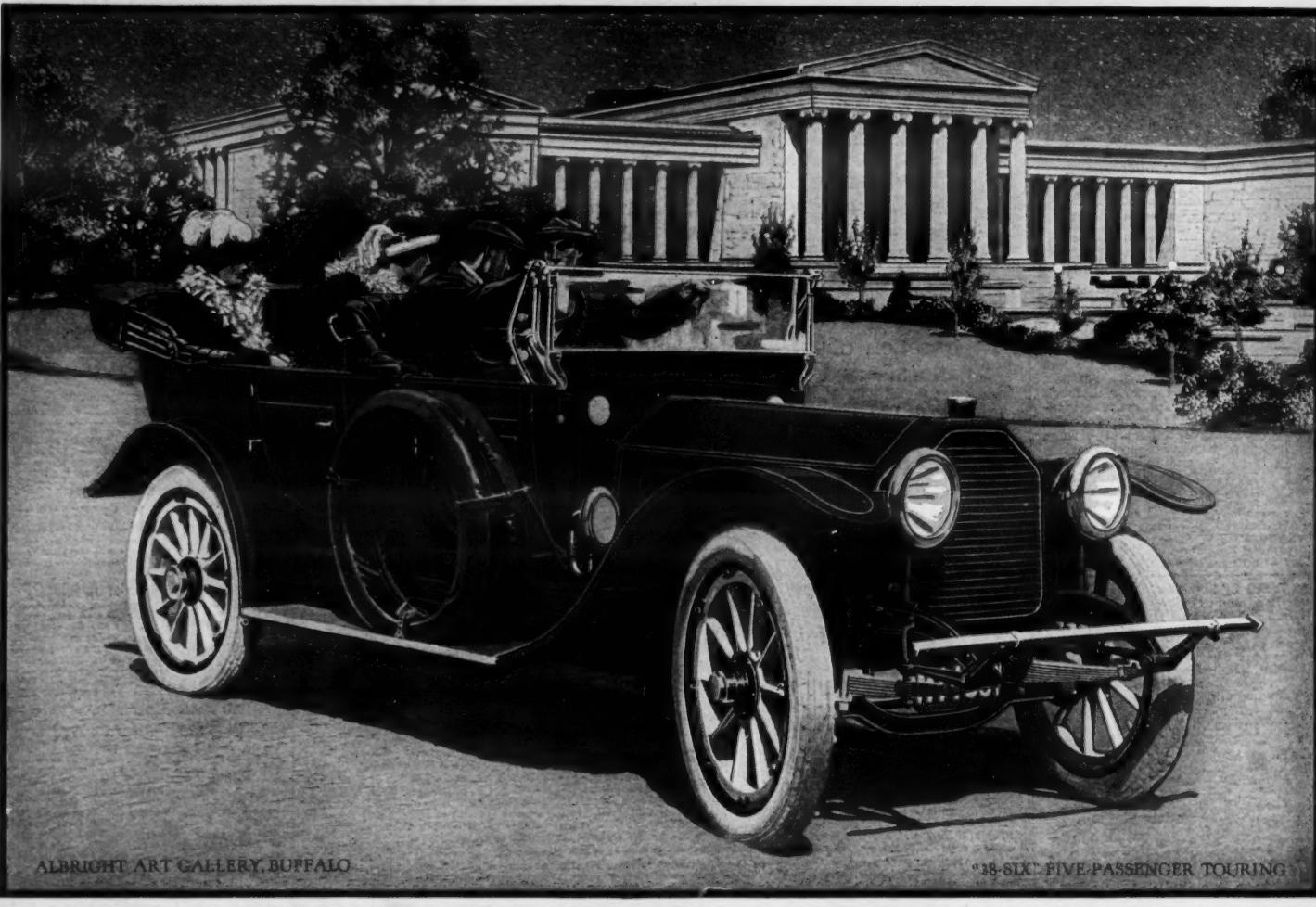
EDITOR COLLIER'S:

SIR—Your editorial in COLLIER'S of November 30 attracted my attention this week, and I want to say that if you know people who want to go to the farms and can reach them, it is your duty to help get them there. What the country needs now to lower the cost of living is more farming and better farming.

In the Piedmont section of the South there is land enough for thousands of good people who want to go to the farms. There is also enough land for the thousands of farmers and others who are migrating into Canada every year. We should try to keep these people in the United States; why not try to turn them this way instead of letting them go up into Canada? Our lands are as low in price and, I believe, more productive per acre than those of Canada.

This county is only one where the opportunities are many. It happens to be in the heart of the Piedmont section, where we can not only raise everything that can be raised in the colder States, but where we can raise more things, and in larger quantities, and at the same time enjoy life the whole year round.

Very truly yours,
JAS. H. WARBURTON.
Salisbury, N. C.



ALBRIGHT ART GALLERY, BUFFALO

"18-SIX" FIVE-PASSENGER TOURING

THE PEERLESS SIX FOR 1913

IS A SUPERBLY LUXURIOUS & EXCEPTIONALLY
EFFICIENT MOTOR CAR · YOUR SENSES WILL
GIVE YOU PROOF OF THE ONE QUALITY · PER-
FORMANCE HAS PROVED THE OTHER

ELECTRIC STARTING AND EASY STEERING
ALMOST ELIMINATE EFFORT IN DRIVING

THE PEERLESS MOTOR CAR COMPANY
CLEVELAND, OHIO

MAKERS ALSO OF PEERLESS TRUCKS